The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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☞ In all cases the money must be sent with the names.

THE REVOLUTION.

Our family increases. Not yet a year and a half old, and do not know the number or the name of our children! In this city is the *Woman's Advocate*, a handsome monthly. In Dayton, Ohio, a little paper of same name—a real velocipede in energy and spirit—and to-day the *Agitator* from Chicago sends its Nos. 1, 2 and 3, good, better, best, with promise of even better yet; and so we speed on towards our sure and, as may be believed, speedy triumph. Our calls to lecture, too, come from east nd west, the farthest west, and to-day from New Orleans with intensity of earnestness.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION will hold its Anniversary in New York, at STEINWAY HALL, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12th and 13th, and in Brooklyn, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on Friday, the 14th.

After a century of discussion on the rights of citizens in a republic, and the gradual extension of Suffrage, without property or educational qualifications, to all white men, the thought of the nation has turned for the last thirty years to negroes and women.

And in the enfranchisement of black men by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, the Congress of the United States has now virtually established on this continent an aristocracy of sex; an aristocracy hitherto unknown in the history of nations.

With every type and shade of manhood thus exalted above their heads, there never was a time when all women, rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign, should be so wide awake to the degradation of their position, and so persistent in their demands to be recognized in the government.

Woman's enfranchisement is now a practical question in England and the United States. With bills before Parliament, Congress and all our State Legislatures—with such able champions as John Stuart Mill and George William Curtis, woman need but speak the word to secure her political freedom to-day.

We sincerely hope that in the coming National Anniversary every State and Territory, east and west, north and south, will be represented. We invite delegates, too, from all those countries in the Old World where women are demanding their political rights.

Let there be a grand gathering in the metropolis of the nation, that Republicans and Democrats may alike understand, that with the women of this country lies a political power in the future, that both parties would do well to respect.

The following speakers from the several states are already pledged: Anna E. Dickinson, Frederick Douglass, Mary E. Livermore, Madam Anneke, Lilly Peckham, Phebe Couzens. M. H. Brinkerhoff. Other names hereafter.

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☞ Communications and Contributions may be addressed to John J. Merritt, 131 William street, New York.

☞ Newspapers friendly, please publish this Call.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

We must have a daily. Our space is too limited—our columns too crowded. We boil it down. Our correspondence overwhelms us. Here are only a few of many letters.

THE REVOLUTION IN NEW ENGLAND.

CONNECTICUT, March 18.

DEAR REVOLUTION: G. F. T. has been here—here in old Connecticut, the land of steady habits. He has shaken the dry bones of old-fogyism, warmed the blood of Young America, aroused the women to assert their individuality. Good for him. God speed him in his noble work for humanity. *He* is the "coming man." Who will follow? A FREED WHITE WOMAN.

DERBY, Ct., Feb. 16, 1869.

MISS ANTHONY AND MRS. STANTON: Please find enclosed two dollars, for we cannot allow our neighbors to supply us any longer with THE REVOLUTION. Its high-toned thought, its clear leaders, its grand platform of Equal Rights, its bold denunciation of human wrong, are making converts among all of the thinkers of the land. You are talking every week to thousands you have never met, and you are not without sincere well-wishers in Derby.

Address LUCY R. ELMES, Derby, Ct.

The New England women, at last, are awaking from their lethargy. Club together—stand together. Go hand to hand—shoulder to shoulder. One woman is afraid—a dozen will stand their ground. Little by little, we build a nation—sand by sand a mountain. You should send us a hundred subscribers from Derby.

OUTRAGEOUS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20th, 1869.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: In THE REVOLUTION of Dec. 17th, I notice a letter to you from Mr. "Hiram Wentworth," of this city, in which he objects to Universal Suffrage on account of the Chinese—and expresses regret at their having deprived white women of the chance of cooking, washing, and other drudgeries too numerous to mention.

Mr. Wentworth's sympathy seems ill-timed and misplaced, when we consider the *fact* that women have been *compelled* these long years to the avocations he refers to, because *white men* have stolen occupations from them which they would have much preferred to the above named.

Mrs. Peterson, a lady of great respectability, came to San Francisco a few months since, and started a printing office, intending, as soon as it was well established, to employ none but females, thereby furnishing means for an honest livelihood to a number of young girls in this city who learned the type-setting trade in the East, but have not been able to follow it here, as the WHITE MALE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION will not permit a woman to work in the same office with their sex!! This Union has almost omnipotent power in San Francisco. Mrs. Peterson succeeded in her undertaking, until last week, members of the Union have, through their influence, deprived her of the most profitable printing she had secured, and are persecuting her in every way in their power—even to going to her office and threatening her foreman—that unless he left—they would exclude him from the Union. I wish "friend Wentworth" would extend his sympathies to this case, and, if he is a member of the Typographical Union, use his influence to relieve us of this oppression, and procure situations for females in San Francisco who are type-setters by education, and know no other business. JUSTITIA.

So will it ever be. Right goes down before money—but only for a time. Truth must prevail. We must vote. That will settle the question. There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. Don't use the name females. Say women, and men.

OUR OLD FRIEND OF 1852.

I must congratulate you on the wonderful influence THE REVOLUTION has exercised since started! Despite Train, it has awakened an immense interest in the woman's cause. Everybody thinks of it. Everybody talks of it. I, like you, feel more anxious as the hour approaches. Ever since I joined you at Syracuse, in 1852, I have worked with tongue and pen, in public and private, for the cause, and I *cannot die* till mine eyes see the day. MATILDA E. J. GAGE.

Nor will you. The day is close at hand. The harvest is ripening. The sowers will soon get their reward. Yes, we will win in "spite of Train." What a terrible load he is to carry—a drag in spite of his money, his energy and his honesty. We must throw Train overboard the moment we can afford it.

THE WOMEN OF NEW ENGLAND TO THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

DERBY, Connecticut, March 17.

DEAR MRS. E. C. STANTON AND SUSAN B. ANTHONY: THE REVOLUTION is doing God's work in these New England valleys. But it is up-hill work to lift the prejudices of ages. This country is full of earnest women who wish to do some good in this world, but they must be taught before they become teachers. Mr. Train, in his lecture last night, suggested our inviting the women of THE REVOLUTION to visit Derby. Will you do so? We will engage the Hall, and give you a cordial welcome.

LUCY R. ELMES, E. B. DE FOREST,
E. L. CARPENTER, J. C. STERLING,
J. M. SUMMERS, ROSE N. CLAPP,
ANNIE HUNTINGTON, ELIZABETH C. BASSETT,
and others of the Committee.

Thank you, ladies. Let us help each other. The West sends greeting to the East. Our sex, at last, seem to realize their position. Of course we will. When? E. C. S. & S. B. A.

DUBLIN, Ireland, February 20, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: My letters I fear are tampered with. I don't see any of them in THE REVOLUTION now, although I get them—but not for some time after they arrive in our general post-office, and then in a very dilapidated state, turned inside out, soiled, and torn, and only a small portion of the wrapper slipped on loosely. I sent you three since the 1st of January. Perhaps this may share the fate of the others. However, I will try. It afforded me great pleasure to hear, through your national journal, that your glorious cause is making rapid and solid progress. It has set all mankind thinking. It has brought down the mountains and hills of obstacles and prejudices which heretofore existed in men's minds to the level of human reason and truth. It has made numberless converts to the cause of Woman's Rights, and has made obstinate men to confess that those rights have been too long withheld, and every barrier must be now removed, and women be permitted to enter, for the first time, within the portals of the temple of political and social equality. The weekly literary contributions to THE REVOLUTION would reflect credit to the greatest orator, or writer, of ancient or modern times, which unquestionably proves and demonstrates the intellectual power and adaptability of woman in the different spheres of life, where her capability requires her. In Ireland, as well as England, the Woman question is gaining headway, as will be seen by the following paragraph taken from an Irish conservative journal:

"WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—A petition praying for the franchise to be conferred on properly qualified women has been signed at Blackrock, county Dublin, and will be presented to the House of Commons by Ion Trant Hamilton, Esq., M.P.; a petition from Bolton and Lancashire, signed by upwards of 600 persons, praying for the franchise for women, was presented to Parliament on the first day of the session by Col. Gray, M.P."

The *Irish Times* of yesterday, 19th, thus shows your power and influence. I would say, then, that you have every reason to congratulate yourselves with the amount of work you have so successfully performed within the short space of one year. Another year will bring you to the realization of your hopes, and to the consummation of your good work. I was sorry to learn that honest G. F. Train was obliged to withdraw his talented aid, but pressure of business of another nature must be the cause—for I find he is working hard night and day for the great cause he has espoused in an English bastile, I mean the cause of Irish freedom and independence, which he has taken up with such zeal and with such earnestness—that the people of Ireland look to him as the Washington of Ireland—the liberator and regenerator of our country. The people of this country are pledged to a man to stand or fall by his teachings and indoctrinations, which he profusely infused into their minds, while detained here in a prison cell by the subterfuge and political craft of the English government, for the purpose of preventing him to be put in nomination for the White House. But in 1872, he will attain his end in that respect, in despite of every obstacle, and woe be to England, then, if it does not come upon her prior to that time, as many things clearly indicate. The last account which we have received here this morning is not very favorable to England, inasmuch as the basis of the settlement of the Alabama claims, as proposed by England, has been rejected by both Houses of Congress, and by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. This is sad news for England. God bless America, and long live G. F. Train, who was instrumental in bringing this state of things about. Let them now demand the release of all American citizens in English penal pens or hells. Let them get Costello and Warren sent home with all the honors, or at once declare war with England. This is the way America will show her power, and she will command the respect and fear of all nations.

The English Parliament has been opened, and the Queen's speech read; but Irishmen see nothing in it that will give any encouragment. The hierarchy and clergy of Ireland are again sold out. As for the people, they have no faith or confidence in their sham Parliaments. They are determined on one object, and that is the freedom and independence of their native land—which may be beautifully illustrated in the following lines:

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
That they who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow."

Ireland and Irishmen send their greetings to-day to G. F. Train, the great champion of human rights—and wish to say that his name is a household word in Ireland.

Wishing you, dear REVOLUTION, every success in your holy mission, believe me ever faithfully yours,

F. T. BEBE.

Of course the letters were stopped in the British post-office. Do we not publish everything that comes from our esteemed correspondent?

VINELAND, N. J., March 22, 1869.

Editors of the Revolution:

I WANT to introduce to your notice and the notice of your readers, Mrs. M. A. Ober, getting up an improvement upon the churn-dasher, in the form of a *cream whipper*, which, for its simplicity and utility is likely to render efficient service in the dairy, and womankind may long bless her for that improvement.

But this is not all Mrs. Ober has done. After faithfully testing its merits, she sent her work to Washington, had it patented, and employed no lawyer, agent, or assistant in the matter. She did her own corresponding with the Patent Office, made out petition and specification herself, and all so correctly, that there needed to be no alteration.

This business completed, she corresponded with one of the largest churn manufacturing companies in the New England states, engaging the manufacture of the cream-whipper, and securing a good royalty for every one that should apply it to his own churns, at the same time restricting him from selling to any, only those who should have a right to buy, and then employed agents and sent them into various parts of the country to sell rights of territory. In this, too, she was very successful, and, though the patent was only issued in October, 1867, she has realized a good sum from it. In all this, she has been so unassuming, that many of her correspondents did not suspect they were writing to and receiving letters from a lady, until, in the closing up of business and signing of deeds, she was obliged to write her full name. She used to write only the initials of her first name, leaving off the Mrs., because, said she, "I did not like to make myself conspicuous."

Yours, with much esteem, RACHEL L. HINCKLEN.

FIRST FRUITS.—The Fruit Growers Club, recently organized in this city, admits women upon equal terms with men. At the election for officers women were elected to the offices of Vice-President, Treasurer, and upon the board of Executive Committee.

At the last meeting of the club, some American wines were brought forward to be tested. Mrs. Hallock rose and said, "I hope that the wine will be returned to the donor with the thanks of the Club. New York is only too full of the opportunities for dram-drinking, and my sex has long been opposed to whisky, tobacco, and kindred abominations. I urge those present to stand firmly on this subject. At the last Burns Celebration it was only on the retirement of the ladies (30 in number) that true enjoyment began, and it was not until then that wine, cigars, and Heaven knows what else, were introduced, after having been postponed two hours by the presence of the ladies. Now, as the Fruit Growers' Club open their doors to women on equal terms without insulting them with the assertion that they stoop to conquer,

move that all alcoholic liquors, in whatever shape, be tabooed, henceforth and forever from this Club."

The motion was seconded and unanimously carried amid great applause, thanks to the influence of the women. When women come in, wine goes out.—*Herald of Health.*

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

(Continued.)

"'What did I *do?*' she repeated, as under my breath, my heart beating in sympathy for the poor narrator, I could not help asking.

"*Do?* I snatched my babe from the floor, and, with just a few articles of wearing apparel, and a small sum of money, I left the house without another word; left that cold, haughty woman still in the parlor; left the only person I loved on earth, except my little one. No one saw me go. I took the evening train for Philadelphia; went to my father's house at eleven o'clock at night. Found that my mother had died a few weeks previous. My father came stiffly into the parlor, inquired what might be my business with him? to transact it as quickly as possible, as he was in a hurry to close the house and retire. I told him that I had brought my baby home to make a visit. Oh, I did so hope to soften his heart! The little one clapped her tiny hands, laughed up into his iron face, called him Papa! but he took no notice. I then continued to ask him if he had one kind word for his daughter?

"'Not one,' he replied, flying into an ungovernable rage. 'Where is your keeper, madam, the father of that child?' he roared. 'If he be dead, I may, perhaps, for decency sake, tolerate you under my roof—but that brat, never; Say?' grasping my arm and shaking me fiercely—'yes or no! Is *he* dead or living?'

"'Living, father,' said I, 'and likely to live. I have come to you to-night for shelter. I have no other home. Do let me stay with you?'

"'When that child of disgrace and its damned parent are both in the grave, come to me, and I will feed and clothe you; but with those evidences of shame about you never, never, never, so help me God!'

"Oh! how those memories madden me!"—said the woman, rising from her seat on the floor, and pacing rapidly up and down a moment or two. "Sometimes, madam," she continued, her whole expression changing from the fierce, almost despairing, look her face had all the time worn, to one of weird and wonderful illumination, "sometimes, I hear my father's voice (he died, you see, only a few months after this), saying, 'Mary! Mary! my child, forgive me? I knew not what I did. Upon my soul rests your downfall!' I hear this voice in the night—hear it in the day—hear it when in my Broadway beat! It seeks me, here, there and everywhere! Forgive me, child, oh! forgive me!'

"And you have forgiven him," I ventured to remark, through a blinding mist of tears.

"Have I," she replied, pausing in her walks, and looking me straight in the face with those wondrous eyes of hers, "have I? Perhaps *you* know more about it than I do!"

Aye, there was rebellion there. Rebellion in the curve of the lip, rebellion in the toss of the head, beautiful, even now, bowed down though it was with the weight of sin and shame.

"Forgive him? who forgives me? When Fifth avenue takes me by the hand, when ministers stop preaching of charity, and put some of it into practice, when christians remember that the only reprimand of Jesus to the fallen woman was 'Go and sin no more,' then will I forgive the man who sent me and my baby to perdition. When do you suppose that will be? You can be gentle and kind to me, *here*. You dare let your tears fall now, that there is no one by to observe your weakness; but suppose sometime returning from opera or lecture, accompanied by your friends, you should meet me, do you think you would have a kind word for me then? No, indeed. You would pity me, I know, because you are naturally loving and sympathetic, but to go contrary to society's requirements and conventionalisms, you would not *dare!* I'll tell you what I will do. I will leave Fifth avenue and the rest of the world to their own devices, and promise this since you are so earnest in regard to my most unnatural parent. I will forgive him when you, with your select few, unexpectedly meeting me can say, 'Good evening, my friend, I am glad to see you.'

"Then, allow me to tell you," I replied, "that your father is forgiven, if forgiveness, which I certainly do not believe, can depend upon such contingencies, for its evidences and expression. I should neither be ashamed or afraid to speak to you, meet you under what circumstances I might. But I must certainly question your right to demand this. I sometimes fear that the passage of Scripture where Jesus commands the one without sin to cast the first stone, has, from its singular perversion, done more harm than good." Those fierce eyes glared down into my soul; but for the first time in my life I shrank not from giving pain. The surgeon probes deeply when he would discover the nature and depth of the wound he desires to heal, so I looked away for a moment from the glowing countenance and continued: "When Jesus forgave that erring woman, he said, 'Go and sin no more.' There was never a word in regard to her continuing in the paths of immorality, or the duty of the public towards one guilty of such persistence. We are counselled, I admit, to a boundless charity; we are told to forgive seventy times seven; but after all that, the public sentiment which denies to those guilty of transgressing human and divine laws the privileges of social life, is, in my estimation, a healthy one. Although I could and would accost you kindly under any and all circumstances, yet you have no right to expect it, unless you change the whole current of your life, and determine to turn your back upon those unholy influences forever."

I had said more than I intended, for it is never best to preach much to these sufferers; but, as I continued, the fierce look fled from her eyes, and she replied honestly:

"Well, I never thought of that before. To tell the truth, I never associated Jesus' forgiveness with any idea of the cessation of sin."

Now, this may appear very singular to readers, that such construction should be placed by any intelligent person, upon so apparently lucid a passage, but I am free to say, after an extended observation, that nothing in the Bible has ever been so grossly misconstrued, and acted upon as this.

"I scarcely know," said she, musingly, "whether I shall bless or curse the fate that sent you here to-day. One or the other, I assure you. I have tried so long to stop thinking, and had settled so many things to my satisfaction, now I shall be compelled to go all over the ground again. But, as I was saying," going back to her story again, "with my baby in my arms, at the hour of midnight, cold and dark, I walked out of my father's house, and heard him carefully bolt the door as I walked off the marble stoop. A servant who had lived in our family for years, with whom I was a great favorite, followed me from the back entrance, took my little one, and led me to her sister's house, where I was comfortably cared for until the next day when I left for New York, determined to fight out the battle of life here—and I have.

(To be Continued.)

PROPERTY REPRESENTATION.

Editors of the Revolution:

I was surprised to see such treason to human rights, as quoted by The Revolution Feb. 25th, from Dr. Hopkins's work on "Moral Science," go unscathed. How long will our schools be permited to teach such absurdities as are now dignified by the titles of Mental and Moral Science. This *right* which Dr. Hopkins says has received but little favor or attention in this country was one of the corner-stones of slavery. But for this, slavery would have died in its infancy and needed no such costly pyre of life and treasure. Under this wizard's spell, the demon we have laid, rises, robed in the stolen garb of justice.

The negroes, whose unpaid toil sustained the government that forged their shackles, were represented as *property*. Property has no rights as distinct from persons or beings. Rights inhere in the being. Its existence is its God-given title to these rights. We recognize this when we frame laws to protect animals from abuse by their owners. Taxes, though levied on property, are really paid by labor and not by capital, which is itself the result of labor. But all *men*—not all women—who have clothes on their backs or a fractional currency in their pockets, are property holders and capitalists. To apply this Rev. Solon's political ethics, property must be divided like stocks into shares, each owner voting pro rata. He says, that "the largest part of legislation respects property, and it may readily happen in communities like the city of New York, where irresponsible and destitute foreigners are constantly made voters, that great insecurity and oppression should result from subjecting property to the control of mere numbers." Who controls this legislation? Captitalists! Monopolies! and with this result: The wealth of the nation is accumulating in their hands, while relatively they are decreasing in number. With our present laws, this process must continue. The remedy for such a state of things as exists to-day in New York city is not to be found in any such class legislation as this luminous writer indicates. History, and Jesus, his Teacher, point to other modes. History at every step affirms *this;* that the way to maintain the right of class, is *to enlarge its boundaries* till all are included, *i. e.*, to *abolish* all classes. A just government can know no class. This is the centre and circumference, the rounded whole of human relations in government.

There can be no ownership in the natural elements, such as soil, air, etc. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." We are his stewards only. When did God give a quit claim to it, and to whom? We have the right to use so much of the earth as we need, no more.

What man *creates*, alone is his. This monstrous assumption of the right of property in the elements is parent to that other assumption of the right of property in persons.

At first, the strongest seized upon the soil and the weaker of their own species. Woman being the weakest, was most oppressed, and has been elevated only as an appendage of man. The controlling force, at first physical, as the race increased in numbers and intelligence, was obliged to subordinate the higher faculties to maintain its power. The chief attached to his interests the most influential, by granting privileges. The soil with its occupants became the property of these favorites. This nobility created inferior classes. Rights were granted *as privileges*. Priestcraft has ever been a potent aid in enslaving the masses. The rulers claimed divine authority, but in their monopoly of the soil consisted their chief power. The laws were created in their interest. Our government is but a modified form of despotism. Its builders laying the one cornerstone of human equality, but using the materials and tools of despotism, reared a structure of unknown type, which sways to and fro in its insecure base, when some popular convulsion, filling the air with tremulous discontent, shakes the nation to its centre; as if, in the merciful providence of God, some earthquake were about to swallow this great American abortion of free government.

Caste is an inheritance. Capital is the hoarded savings of all the unpaid toil of labor since the first tyrant forced woman to obey his behests. It is in the hands of the few who by it and superior intelligence control legislation. It is a general law, that *all conditions tend to self-maintainence and self-increase*, since they give rise to the causes of their own growth and perpetuity. Capital, through organization and co-operation, has increased the productive power of labor in a high degree, but it has also, by its monopoly of soil and rule, defrauded labor of its dues. When did the strong deal justly with the weak? When it was the only means of self-protection. Every class has struggled for its own elevation, not from perception of abstract justice, but from its *instinct*, because of their sufferings. Hence, when free, they have not seen the injustice of despoiling others of their rights. The ballot, in the hand of these destitute and irresponsible persons, is a terrible weapon, but it is theirs. We cannot abridge their use of it. We must elevate them to competency and responsibility. *It can be done.* All forces tend to an equilibrium. They must rise to our level, or we fall to theirs.

Thank God for the example of New York city, a loathsome sore on the body politic, that signals the depravity of its tissues and the vitiated state of its circulating medium,—its life-blood. It may convince these empirical D.D.'s and LL.D.'s that they mistake the external symptons for the internal cause, and induce proper treatment. But no, it is as true now as nineteen centuries ago, that "God has hid these things—simple truths—from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." The salvation of free institutions in this crisis depends on woman, but the victory is to be won by heroic toil and self-abnegation, not as domestic drudges in the privacy of home, but *in public* by the side of man. There is *work* to be done, such work as the world has never known. Man's duty is to control physical forces; to subdue the earth. Woman's, to control *moral* forces and subdue the physical in man. No one can educate her but herself. She demands the abolition of class legislation; the right of way everywhere and a clear field; nothing less, nothing more. The domination of brute force is no more. That of the mere intellect is on the wane. The admission of woman to the franchise, and the co-operation of the masses will usher in the *Moral Age*.

JOSEPH H. SWAIN.

Salina, Athens Co., O., March 12th, 1869.

The little quotation from Dr. Hopkins was only made for its great force and pertinence to the right of woman to the ballot. Mr. Swain has good ground for his article and certainly has treated the subject ably and well.—*Ed. Rev.*

"A WOMAN'S AGE"

THE last Sunday's *Times* contains a column article under the above caption; the writer asserting the almost unexceptional prevalence among women, especially unmarried women, of what he calls "white lying" and "fibbing" concerning their age. He assures us that the introduction of the subject of their own age among a group of women, anywhere, produces "constraint, silence, forced gayety," according to respective character, and at last quibbling and downright falsehood; and asks, very tenderly, "if the spring-time has been all too short for the grand object to which she usually devotes it (which grand object is supposed to be matrimony), is it in nature to let it go by without an effort to prolong it, or to counterfeit its prolongation?"

That the writer sought causes for this fact he declares so glaring and so universal, does not appear; but the *motive*, the "primary motive," the grand incentive to all this subterfuge, he gives as marriage; the one desire of gaining a husband, driving her to all this petty and *innocent* (for he says most pathetically "who can blame her?") kind of lying. As children, we were all taught that objects to be attained by falsehood were invariably unworthy objects—certainly could never bring us blessings thus unworthily obtained; but our writer does not blame woman in this emergency, considering the "grand object" in view. This is very gallant—magnanimous even—quite a touch of the poetic, indeed! when he has but just averred that the great moving power of the world, the motor that keeps the old ball going at all, is woman's paramount desire to please man, and his equally paramount desire to be pleased by her! For is it not thus she is to "find favor in his sight," and how dare he blame her, though she slime her soul with such mean subterfuges; such petty, miserable *lies*? Finding favor in the eyes of man—*some* man—who desires to be beguiled by those exterior charms which belong mostly to that "eventful period, before the cheek has lost its color, the eye its brightness, or the waist its rounded taper," is her legitimate aim in life; and our kind sympathizer *does not blame* us for assuming the pitiful semblance of these fleeting charms as far as possible, and helping ourselves out by all this "white lying" whichthe dear man "is not going to sneer at us for!"

Now, though a hearty appreciator of real gallantry, and a most ardent admirer of magnanimity, in thought or deed, and an earnest desirer of all the poetry we can weave into the gray web of our lives, I protest against such wholesale tolerance, and such "amused" patronage of positive sin. If, as he very emphatically expresses his conviction, "the day will never come when women will cease to think more of pleasing men than they do of any other worldly matter," would it not become him better than even this very taking condescension (condescension of conscience, he must see, as well as patronizing, personal unbending) to set about making a worthier class of men for her to please—seeing the *unworldly* matter of a truthful and dignified womanhood does not win her to honesty—men, to whom lying, even "white lying," will not be a *pleasing* thing, men who shall be so exalted in their spiritual and moral nature, as to desire and seek the noble and beautiful qualities of soul, charms that have no swift-flying "spring-time"— character, real and womanly, which deepens and widens with the rich fullness of years. Surely, fine appreciation of this is evinced after his half-dozen paragraphs of pitiable fact and soothing flatteries of the younger, in his portrayal of the "woman of fifty" who has truth and her own soul as paramount charms!

So long, however, as this great "motive power" obtains, of woman bending all her energies (save the moral ones) to the delectation of man; and he, exerting all his sublime powers in *being* charmed by her; does it not behoove them to, in some way, raise the standard of a "pleasing" character? for what sort of creature is that man for whose *pleasing*, woman may falsify with impunity, betraying all the delicate sanctities of her womanly nature, or the solemn sacredness of heart-experiences, sooner than *tell a simple truth* regarding the number of years she has lived, as he stoutly avers she will do? What do those terrible assertions, so flippantly uttered, *tell* for the character of the men women thus seek to enchain? The cause or causes for this peculiar moral obtuseness on the part of woman he does not enter on, the causes lying back of the "motive" which "primarily" is catching a husband, leaving, by inference, the secondary one to be the necessity of using such bait as will best suit the taste of the fish to be caught. As it is quite evident woman has not yet risen to the altitude of a distinctive personality of her own, though treading close the borders of the Promised Land; and that she yet keeps her negative, secondary existence, an adjunct of man, formed for his pleasing, it necessarily follows that she shapes herself to meet his demand, moulds herself to secure that acceptance in his eyes which his plane of development requires: the gentleman innocently admitting for his sex a great weakness for "millinery and dry goods, jewelry and fancy articles, and all the embellishers of the apothecary and the pharmacies," while asserting how greatly all will be brought into requisition by woman's "first worldly desire to please men!" Who shall blame her, indeed? But if man *would* really have her drop this petty vice of concealing the departure of physical beauty, the sweet, simple beauty of youth, by the thousand devices of millinery, and cosmetics, and dyes (as though gray hairs, and lines in the face, where life has been honestly working out the real expression of character, were something disreputable!), would he have her stop the miserable sin of lying thus recklessly, let him assure her, the true cosmetic is of the soul, and soul-beauty, or the loveliness of a beautiful *life*, is lasting charm, the permanent and divine youth.

When mankind shall lift themselves out of devotion to the simply physical, out of the sphere of fulsome flattery, of mere externals, accepting the beauty of youth in its legitimate

hour, and estimating it at its true worth, but looking more to the soul's forces and fires that shall move and warm for aye; it will follow that woman, who is still in passivity to man's thought, will be thereby and therefrom ennobled in all her being, by rising to meet this loftier demand. But doubtless, as Mr. Alger suggests in his "Friendship of Women," the true woman is to make answer to her own womanhood, and grow herself up to *its* high standard, by and through all relations and duties, not for them; and I pray the dawning day to hasten yet faster when she shall be pure enough, and brave enough to seek "acceptance" of her own soul, and the "favor" of well done from the Searcher of Hearts; for only thus can she be truly honored and revered; reckoned always in her spring time, and sought and loved for those qualities of head and heart that alone can make her "the sanctified mother of men."

CORA BARRY.

NOTES FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.

PARK HOTEL, Owego, March 25th.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Your Proprietor and the irrepressible agitator of human rights arrived per arrangement in Ithaca on Tuesday, last, in time for a good night's rest before assailing that stronghold of feminine prejudice, the Cornell University. I say prejudice, because Miss Anthony found that which I have sought in vain for weeks; namely, a willingness on the part of the students that women should be admitted to the University. She also found Ezra Cornell—a difficult task in his flitting to and fro in daily and nightly labors for the advancement of his great project. He called upon her, as soon as he learned of her arrival, and giving her all that gentlemanly attention of which he is master, presided at the meeting.

After speeches by her and myself, the house became noisy, at her suggestion, for a speech from Mr. Cornell. With inimitable grace he walked to the platform and turning so as to command a view of both the audience and ourselves as much as possible, said: "On account of the lateness of the hour, I must ask to be excused from attempting anything like a speech, but I would say in reply to Mrs. Norton's expressed wish to enter the University, that if she does not enter it, it will be her own fault," which caused a deafening round of applause, as does everything that he says here in public.

Many of the Professors were present, among them Professor Russell—who, by the way, endorses Susan's most radical demands; and whose breadth of mind and largeness of heart are owing somewhat, doubtless, to the broad and level ground upon which he so long resided before closing himself in here among the hills. Both he and Professor Sprague—the colored Professor, as he is called—assured Miss Anthony of their entire sympathy in her cause and—subscribed for THE REVOLUTION.

Captain Chatfield, who is, I believe, the Corresponding Secretary of the Cornell Buildings, and his amiable mother, procured a carriage and, escorted by them, Miss Anthony made a tour of the University. She found everything in a crude state, but received a favorable and unanimous response from most of the students in reply to her question of their willingness for the admission of women.

Their wishes and opinions are of little account, however, against the smaller but more powerful body of trustees and directors, nearly all of whom are opposed to the measure.

Mr. Cornell assured us that women are to be admitted, and on that promise we are content to rest for a time; but he has placed the whole matter of *authority* out of his own hands, and how far his personal influence or wishes will avail against the power I have named, remains to be proved by that unraveller of all riddles—Time. In defence of their prejudices, people not only use but very frequently abuse their power.

But the women themselves? Ah! now you have struck the key-note that I always skip as long as I can; for I dislike to acknowledge, even to myself, the stubborn fact of which I am daily reminded, either by taunt or incident, that woman is her own worst enemy, and that *feminine* pride, prejudice, ignorance, and indolence are going to be the stumbling-blocks here as in all other reforms. This is only an added proof that woman must first hold in her hand the ballot, and thoroughly understand its use before she can be induced to move onward and upward.

After being agreeably entertained at Mrs. Love's, who is the Susan B. Anthony of Ithaca, we bade farewell to friends and foes alike; and, being seated in the one car that runs semi-daily to and from the town, prepared ourselves for that noted journey of speed described as going one step forward and two backward; for after riding nearly a half hour you find yourself nearer the town than when you started.

Looking down upon the white cottages so inviting in the distance, so quiet and peaceful looking in appearance, you would scarcely credit the evidence of your own senses should you find that a seething, surging, volcanic undercurrent of the most bitter envy, narrowness of spirit and principle, and the art of vulgar gossip coarsely expressed, with the happy knack of adding something at each repetition—without which scandal would be no scandal at all—has reached, I believe, its climax in this *delightful* village where nothing is wanted to make it the Eden it seems, but for the people to come out into a broader light.

Heaven speed Ezra Cornell in his work, and bring to them their millennium.

S. F. NORTON.

A CORRECTION.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1869.

Editors of the Revolution:

IN THE REVOLUTION of March 11th are two columns of criticism devoted to myself, based upon the following paragraph:

> If women insist on voting, they must expect to lose the social consideration they now receive. Imagine an election where a wash-woman with a pipe in her mouth, and with arms like an elephants' legs, offers your wife or sister a ticket, assuring them that it's the rale dimmycratic ticket, be jabers!

The author of the criticism owes an apology to the readers of THE REVOLUTION and to myself, for attempting to impose upon the public the foregoing paragraph as an extract from my article in the *New Englander*. No such sentence is to be found there, nor was any such language ever uttered by me. In all writings and addresses I am accustomed to observe the courtesies of speech.

I send herewith a copy of my address, and rely upon your sense of honor for the publication of this note. Truly yours,

JOS. P. THOMPSON.

Cheerfully corrected, though the extract was in many other papers.—ED. REV.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US.

From the American Times.

MISS ANTHONY'S LECTURE.—The Amenia Lecture Course closed its winter season on Wednesday evening by a lecture from Miss Susan B. Anthony. Considering the rough state of the roads the audience was suprisingly large, and it would be called in fact a large audience for any night. Miss Anthony, missing the morning train, arrived late, and it was half past 8 o'clock when she ascended the platform.

Without notes, or special preparation, she began at once with her theme, and illustrated it from every point of view. The key to her argument is the assertion of the independent personality of woman. Whatever a human being of the male sex is entitled to from the government and society, a woman is also entitled to. Her right to her own property, and the right to earn property,—her co-ordinate power in the family and state—were well defended. Her present dependence on man is the source of her degradation. Until she rises above this she is at his mercy both for her morals and her existence. But she cannot rise without she asserts her right to equal power in making the laws. When she is armed with the ballot, whether she chooses to use it much or little,—or, when things go well, not at all—she will no longer have to wait for justice.

Miss Anthony believes that while woman needs the ballot, the ballot also needs woman. She can purify morals, enforce temperance, and lift man himself to a higher plane than ever was attained before. Her account of affairs in Kansas, and, indeed, all that she said, was listened to with the most respectful attention. She spoke for an hour and a half, and eliciting laughter, applause and silence in various proportions, showed her power to make radical and unconventional ideas a source of profound interest. At the close of the speech several stepped forward and subscribed for THE REVOLUTION.

The music of the band was excellent.

Our indefatigable proprietor has spoken every night during the past week in Western New York, to large and enthusiastic audiences. Miss Anthony being a Quaker by birth and education, always speaks as she is moved by the spirit, without notes or previous preparation. She makes no pretensions to what is called oratory, but she holds her audiences by plain, unvarnished statements of facts, and common sense, every day philosophy. Her speech at the Press Dinner, to the toast, "Why don't the men propose?" was pronounced one of the most witty and pointed made on that occasion. As Mr. Train was her escort, perhaps her unusual brilliancy was in part due to that galvanic battery by her side.

MISS ANTHONY IN THE N. Y. POST OFFICE.

Gen. Grant has nominated Elizabeth Van Low to the Post office at Richmond, Eliza F. Evans to the Post office at Ravenna, Ohio, and Emily J. C. Bushnell to the Post office at Sterling, Illinois; and none of these women, so far as the public knows, are nearly or remotely related to the Grants or Dents, or even the Simpsons. Now, why not nominate Susan B. Anthony for the New York Post office? She is a long way in advance of Mr. Kelly; she put the carriers of THE REVOLUTION in uniform; which undoubtly suggested the uniforming of the city letter carriers; and she knows all about mails, deliveries, stamps, and other details of the post office business. Give the post office to Susan.—*World.*

Yes, the city would do well to get so faithful an officer in the post office. Having chosen that better state (celibacy) recommended by the apostle, Susan can devote her whole soul to the state and look after the interests of the people, while the married are occupied with pleasing each other.

The Troy *Times* takes exception to the nomination of Susan B. Anthony to the New York Post office. It says that while Miss Van Low, nominated to the Richmond Post office, was "ministering to our wounded and imprisoned soldiers, Miss Anthony was stumping the country in advocacy of female suffrage. And that's what's the matter. The papers of the *World's* candidate lack the endorsement of the Union soldiers. Opshaw! It is greatly to the credit of "the *World's* canditate," as the Troy *Times* is pleased to call Miss Anthony, that she is a woman whom the soldiers do not go for.—*World*

All during the war the proprietor of THE REVOLUTION was preaching those principles of justice and equality that would prevent war in all coming time. She occupied the same platform our greatest soldier stands on when he says "Let us have peace." If our soldiers follow their leader they must all go for Miss Anthony.

MR. TRAIN ON THE CABINET AND INAUGURAL.

WHEREAS—General Grant, by his superhuman energy, his unsurpassed talents, his high moral character, and abstemious habits, has stepped out of the *Pit* into the Dress Circle, and Whereas he has shown his wonderful genius by appointing a Cabinet in no way superior to himself, three of whom are adopted citizens, and two of whom are open to a *Pun*, and Whereas, in his inaugural, he proves his modesty by saying he will veto occasionally, and advise Congress on questions that agitate the Public—*Woman Suffrage, for instance;*

Resolved, That to make the rich, richer, the poor, poorer, England shall be paid Gold for her Alabama Bonds, and crippled Union soldiers paid currency for risking their lives and losing their limbs for a grateful republic. *That no peremptory demand shall be made for our claims, or our citizens.* That working men in America shall have reduced wages by Free Trade in order to prop up the decaying aristocracy of England. *That the three thousand millions* investested in factories, foundries, and American industry, shall be sunk, and the three million operatives be left to starve in order to carry out the Downing-street-Peabody-Trustee-*English Ring Plan* that so ably placed our new President in the White House.

CUBAN SLAVERY ABOLISHED.

THERE is hope for Cuba. She has thrown down her idol. She has decreed justice in the Proclamation below:

The institution of slavery, brought to Cuba by the Spanish domination, ought to be extinguished with it. The Assembly of Representatives of the Centre, having in consideration the principles of eternal justice, decree in the name of liberty and of the people:

1. Slavery is abolished.
2. Opportunely will be indemnified the masters of those who were till to-day slaves.
3. All those who by virtue of this decree are freed will contribute with their efforts to the independence of Cuba.
4. To this end, those who may be deemed apt and necessary for the military service will be mustered into our ranks, enjoying the same fortunes and consideration as other soldiers of the Liberal army.
5. Those who cannot serve in the army will continue during the war dedicated to the same labor in which they are now engaged, in order to sustain the productiveness of the land, and to contribute to the supply and support of those who offer up their blood for the common liberty. This obligation belongs in the same manner to all citizens who to-day are free, whatever be their color or race, excepting those of the military service.
6. A special ordinance will prescribe the details of the fulfillment of this decree.

Country and Liberty!—Camaguey, February 26, 1869. Signed for the Assembly, Salvador de Cisneros, Edward Agramonte, Ignacio Agramonte, Francisco Sanchez, Antonio Zambrano, Gen. Antonio Castillo.

LOUISA MUHLBACH will shortly publish a pamphlet on Female Suffage and Woman's Rights. It will be entitled "The Historical and Political Mission of Woman."

GEORGE SAND has written a long letter in favor of Female Suffrage, female physicians, and female preachers. It is addressed to Mlle. Raynouard, a French lady, who is now lecturing in the provinces on Woman's Rights.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER, February, 1869.

MRS. SOMERVILLE'S work on "Molecular and Microscopic Science," 2 vols. (Murray), has just appeared. Nearly five years ago, Miss Cobbe alludes to this work, then in preparation, and describes its author, in the subjoined passage from "*Italics*, or Notes on Italy in 1864." Since that time Mrs. Somerville has given her name and influence to the cause of Woman's Suffrage—a name which supplies an argument of irresistible force:

One more of the "People one meets in Italy" remains for me to describe. It seems almost like trespassing on sacred ground to speak publicly of one most dear and reverenced; yet to omit the name of Mary Somerville in an account of the residents in Italy would be impossible. There is no need to tell the world now that she is the most learned woman (as regards physical and mathematical science) who has ever lived; that her books are masterpieces of their kind; or that her life has been the example to which all who have at heart the elevation of her sex, point to prove that the greatest intellectual height is attainable to the best of wives and mothers. That life, however, has so long been quietly passed far away from England, and her works have been for a generation so familiar as scientific class-books among us, that there are many, I imagine, to whom it will come as a pleasant surprise to learn that she has outpassed the common limits of human mental activity, and is now, in her eighty-third year, engaged in completing a treatise which will probably be considered her greatest work. The book is devoted to the elucidation of the most recent discoveries of science regarding the ultimate particles of matter, organic and inorganic; the revelations of the microscope and of the solar spectrum—everything, in short, to which its beautiful epigraph from St. Augustine may fitly apply: "Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis—*God, great in great things; greatest in the least.*"

Probably the mere copying of this book in writing similarly firm and clear, would be a task beyond almost any other woman of equal age. What its actual value as a literary work may be, it would, of course, be mere impertinence for me to say. Mrs. Somerville is truly the HUMBOLDT OF WOMEN, and this is her "Cosmos," the great work done after the common working hours of life are over.

Yet something very different from Humboldt, in gravest ways, is Mary Somerville. There are qualities in human nature nobler than even the quenchless thirst of knowledge and untiring energy in its dissemination; and those nobler and diviner gifts of which the man had little share, the woman has much. The clearest brain probably ever granted to one of her sex has been vouchsafed, *not* to a woman lacking in tenderness, or simplicity, or vividness of religious consciousness, but to one in whom these have all had their highest development.

It is surely a thing to be very grateful for in this world of fainting hearts and wavering minds, if we can point to one who has passed through fourscore years with ever-widening vision and ever-growing faith; and whose long sojourn here has left still all unspotted from the world. Eighty blameless years, full of duty and of honor, all glorified by that high pursuit of Truth which is the loftiest of human joys—what blessed sight is this! Beholding it, we *know* that old age is not the dim closing of life's scene, but only the shade of the portal of immortality—a twilight, indeed—but the twilight, not of the evening, but of the dawn. Perhaps, there is no great force in the testimony of ordinary minds respecting their convictions of things unseen. Carrying onward through life, without examination, the religious ideas instilled into them in childhood, their witness of consciousness is hardly more than the witness of their teachers at second hand. It is hard to calculate, however, on the contrary, the value of the evidence afforded us by one who has faced the dread problems of existence through a long life of independent study; and who, educated in such a creed as that of Scotland in the last century, has followed the progress alike of religion and of science, and stands at last in old age abreast of the foremost thought of our time. *This* is a voice to which we listen with thankfulness when it tells us that the result of knowledge is FAITH. Does the reader ask what is the bodily presence of this great and good woman? Is that strong brain lodged in a powerful form, or does she, in her mental superiority, weary of common men and women, dwell a little aloof, keeping her "solemn state and intellectual throne?" * * * It would be idle to say Mrs. Somerville is a "lady;" a daughter of the old house of Fairfax was not very likely to be anything else. Yet, to imagine her rightly, it is needful to bear in mind that this most learned of women so far diverges from the proper type of that order as to be quite simply a high-bred lady with the peculiar charm of manner of the elder generation—alas! now so nearly passed away. In nearly every respect, indeed, Mrs. Somerville must be a sad stone of stumbling to those who delight to depict that heraldic creature, the "strong-minded female," and have established it as a fact that the knowledge of Euclid is incompatible with the domestic affections, and that an angular figure, harsh voice, and brusque behavior, are the necessary preparatives for feminine authorship. Mrs. Somerville is learned enough to alarm the best constituted mind; she is ardently interested in the education and elevation of woman, and she has even divulged such terrific opinions about the Creation and the flood, as to have incurred the penalty of being preached against in York Cathedral. Yet, that slight and fragile figure, clothed in rich brown moire antique—that head, rather delicately formed than large, surmounted by that soft lilac cap (which surely came from Paris?)—those features so mild and calm, with all their intelligence—that smooth hair, more brown than gray, even now—those kind, mild eyes, aged, indeed, but needing no glasses—that lady, in short, who is talking in a low voice, or laughing merrily over some little jest of her visitors—*that* is said to be the translator of *La Placis Mecanique Celeste*, the authoress of the *Connection of the Physical Sciences*. It is very distressing and unaccountable, but the identity seems pretty well established!

All hearts must rejoice to know that an old age, so beautiful and venerable, is surrounded by everything that can make it happy. Mrs. Somerville is the centre of more care and affection than can ordinarily fall to the lot of the aged. Though she survived both her husbands (the last, who loved her so devotedly, died two years ago), she has her three children, attached old servants, and very literally "honor obedience troops of friends." [She has lost her son since this was written.] It is touching to live near her, and see how English and Italians alike vie to offer her any gratification—flowers, music, or social pleasures of any kind she might be disposed to accept. * * * * * * *

Mrs. Somerville habitually spends her mornings in writing for several hours before she rises—her books and papers on her bed, and her little pet sparrow hopping about, now perching audaciously on the precious manuscripts, now on the head so full of knowledge he little reeks of! A certain splendid white Pomeranian dog and a parrot complete the circle. Very fond is the Padrona of her animals; and only this last winter has she exerted herself vigorously to bring all possible influence to stop the hateful practice of vivisection which disgraces the science she loves. In the afternoons she drives round the beautiful shores of Spezzia or the Acqua Sola, at Genoa. Her son's visits from England are her great seasons of pleasure. He comes to her as often as his office may permit, but her two daughters never leave her, and seem to live only to surround her with their cares. All strive to conduce to her happiness. And she *is* happy—happy in the innocent and noble pleasures she has found in this life—happier still in her firm faith in a yet holier and nobler life to come. The "Pilgrim" has reached the "Land of Beulah where there is no more night." Nature has led her most faithful follower "up to Nature's God."

Nearly forty year's ago, Mrs. Somerville's first great work, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," appeared. It is a translation, or summary of Laplace's Mecanique Celeste, and was completed four years after the death of the great astronomer. In 1834 she published "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," which was followed by the "Physical Geography," and other works. She has all along been in the vanguard of human knowledge and scientific investigation. It is said that mathematics never presented any difficulty to the mind of Mary Somerville, and the physical sciences, which are based on the great primal laws of mathematics, she as readily mastered. From this profound and thorough comprehension she has unfolded those sciences, in her works, with equal force and precision. She possesses not only the deductive power which Mr. Buckle ascribes especially to women, but in large measure, she has also the patient, pains-taking, in-

ductive faculty which, whether from the fault of nature or education, or both, is much more rarely to be met with in women. The first part of the present work deals with the elementary constitution of matter and the influence of the physical forces in determining the laws of combination. This part concludes with a section on the Solar Spots, on which, as you know, some interesting discoveries were made last year, during the eclipse of the sun. In Part II., the purport of the title of the work more fully appears. A molecule is regarded in this connection as the smallest particle of matter visible in the microscope. The writer, with the most careful industry, traces the "indefinitely small in the vegetable and animal creation," through all their various, beautiful, and more or less complex organizations, and points to the relation between the powers of nature and the particles of matter. The book is profound in knowledge and exceedingly rich in examples. The wonders of the microscope are displayed in an almost exhaustive amount of illustrations, given in lucid descriptions, and the motto from St. Augustine is fully verified. Beneath the grand old cathedrals of the middle ages we find the vaulted crypt corresponding with the church above in its dimensions and divisions, but instead of the colored light, and painted pillars, and quaint gargoyles which we fondly trace out in the church above, the crypt is dark and grave-like, a fitting type of the unknown. In such a gloom of invisibility were hidden all those wondrous alarms of life which in the aggregate are the most powerful, material agents in the underworld of this earth, until the miscroscope was applied to them when, as Mrs. Somerville so well says:

> A new and unseen creation was brought under mortal eye; so varied, astonishing and inexhaustible that no limit can be assigned to it. This invisible creation teems in the earth, in the air, in the waters' innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore. These beings have a beauty of their own, and are adorned and finished with as much care as the creatures of a higher order. The deeper the research, the more does the inexpressible perfection of God's works appear, whether in the majesty of the heavens, or in the infinitesimal beings on the earth.

The examinations for women which have been recently granted by the Universities of London and Cambridge, and to which I alluded in a former letter, have been largely discussed by the press, and their relative merits and defects pointed out. The object of both schemes is to improve the character and quality of the education of women, but as their practical aims are different, their plans, of necessity, do not coincide. London University seeks to direct and model the whole course of female education and to bring it up to a higher ideal in every sense, in order to secure as complete a development as possible. The range of studies indicated and the degree of proficiency required will be evident from a short sketch of the general examination for this year which is to take place in London in May. The candidates must be over seventeen years of age. The preliminary subjects which are compulsory are the English language, Literature and History, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, either Chemistry, or Botany and Latin. As an additional subject the candidate is allowed to choose either Greek or a modern language, as French, German, or Italian, but either Greek or a modern language must be chosen. To give you an idea of the range of these examinations, I may mention the particulars of the subjects, for the year. In Mathematics the candidates will be required to show a proficiency in the ordinary rules of Arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, and the extraction of the square root; in Algebra, as far as simple equations and in the first book of Euclid. In the English language they will be examined on the grammatical structure of the language, and exercises to test their powers in composition will be given. In English literature the subjects chosen for this year are Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," Milton's "Comus" and "Lycidas." Addison's papers in the "Spectator" on Milton, and the history of English literature from 1750 to 1790. In Natural Philosophy such elementary knowledge is required as an ordinary experimental course of lectures would afford. In Chemistry is demanded a general knowledge of the laws that regulate that science and of the chemistry of the non-metallic elements. In Latin the subjects for translation this year are Cicero's "De Amicitia" and the oration "Pro Archia," and in Greek the tenth book of Homer's Odyssey. Questions in Latin and Greek Grammar will be set, also in the histories of Greece and Rome. If, instead of Greek, a modern language be chosen, the candidate will be expected to translate any passage set from that language and to turn passages of English into it, and answer questions upon its syntax and accidence. After a candidate has passed in this General Examination, as it is called, she may either in the same or a subsequent year, go out in honors by passing a more severe examination, and if successful in this she will be entitled to a certificate of "higher proficiency." In this second or higher examination the subjects included are nearly identical with those of the first B. A. examination of London University, while the "general examination" corresponds very nearly with its Matriculation examination.

It will be seen from this programme that the design is to raise the standard of the education of girls and to carry upward and onward the work begun at home, or in the higher schools and ladie's Colleges. On the other hand the Cambridge scheme has been prepared to meet a special want felt amongst teachers and others, which caused them to address a memorial to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate of that University last year, praying for an examination suited to their own needs. This memorial was signed by six hundred ladies engaged in teaching, three hundred other ladies and six members of the late Schools Inquiry Commission. It is obvious that the wants of women actually engaged in teaching or preparing for that work, or pursuing independent study on their own account, must differ materially from an advanced college curriculum. The Cambridge examination has been designedly made as flexible as possible. The idea is to procure a thorough mastery of a few subjects, chosen according to the special aptitudes of the individual. There are no "preliminaries," and the first Group of studies, called Group A, though not compulsory, is not, in any sense, an elementary examination. It consists of English History and Geography, Arithmetic, Religious Knowledge, English Language, Literature and Composition. These subjects of "general knowledge" will be carried to as high a point as the studies demanded in the four following groups, one of which must be taken in connection with Group A, to entitle the candidate to a certificate. There are Group B, Language—including Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian. Group C, Mathematics, six books of Euclid, the elements of Algebra, etc. Group D, Moral Sciences—Political Economy, and Logic. Group E, Physical Sciences—Botany, Geology and Physical Geography. Group F includes music and drawing, but proficiency in these does not qualify to pass. If two subjects out of any of the groups are taken in addition to Group A, a certificate of honor will be awarded to the candidate. It is open to the student to take every part of the examination in successive years. You see from this outline that the Cambridge scheme seeks rather to raise the quality than to extend the range of the education of women. When its three years of trial have elapsed, it will, no doubt, receive further modification and expansion. To a certain extent both these schemes are tentative. The question as to which studies are of universal value and obligation, and which are to be regarded as of only special importance, is still an open one with educators. Many will regret the absence of jurisprudence from the list of subjects given, and it appears to me that the Science of Physiology, so necessary for women and one in which they cannot be too much encouraged, is a grave omission from both the schemes. However, we may rejoice to mark the advance, both present and prospective, which is indicated by this action of the Universities of London and Cambridge.

Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the brother of our "Albert the Good," has established a new Order of Woman's Courage, following out St. Chrysostom's thought that "men ought to be pure and women courageous," for which, as Mrs. Butler remarks, the saint "was treated as a dangerous innovator, a perverter of the facts of nature, and a changer of customs." The more of such changes we have the better, until the moral and intellectual standard of excellence for both men and women is placed on a common basis. The difficulty in bestowing this new Order of Duke Ernest's will be, says the *Daily News*, "Not the want of deserving candidates, but in discernment of the quality of courage, to be rewarded. Physical or rather animal courage, which is so common among men that its absence is almost a disease, is by no means an uncommon characteristic of women. But the true courage of women in which men not only never surpass, but very seldom equal them, which is often altogether wanting in men and very seldom in women, is not the courage of the battle-field but of the hospital; not of the animal, but of the ministering angel. In truth, woman's courage shrinks from fame as man's courage seeks it. It is the strength of unselfish and unconscious self-devotion in one who has a heart for any fate." I give you this pleasant little flourish from our friend the *Daily News* intact, leaving you to take it for what it is worth.

On Thursday, Miss Becker read an Essay on the Suffrage for Woman on the same Conditions as for Men at a public meeting in Rochdale. Much interest was excited and several questions were afterwards put, which were answered by the lecturer in an able manner. She received many complimentary remarks from her auditors, who seemed well satisfied with her exposition of the subject.

Yours truly, R. M.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.—The *Leader*, Universalist organ of New York, claims to be conducted in the interest of woman, and that its late long article on "Women's Wages," was to that effect; a discovery not made till the editor announced it some days afterwards.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1869.

To Subscribers.—How to Send Money.—For large sums, checks on New York banks or bankers, made payable *to the order of* Susan B. Anthony.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS

may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as *thousands have been sent to us without any loss.*

REGISTERED LETTERS,

under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe, the Registry fee,* as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamp both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

"I HAVE ALL THE RIGHTS I WANT."

Inhuman Treatment of a Convict.—*Poughkeepsie, March* 25.—Montague Dean, a convict, died at Sing Sing prison this morning. Last Monday he was standing at the door of the south foundry looking out, when a keeper, named Buckingham, ordered him to his work. Dean not moving as fast as his keeper wished, the latter told him to go to the principal keeper's office and get a cage put on. Dean, who had been but a few days out of the hospital, begged the keeper not to punish him then but wait until he was well. The keeper then took him to the shower-bath, the convict all the while begging him to wait until the doctor came; the keeper, refusing to listen, showered him until he could hardly stand, and then, beating him with a rope, locked him in a dark cell, where he was taken sick and removed to the hospital, dying at the latter place this morning. He was 22 years of age and a native of England, his only friend in this country being a convict, who wept like a child when the facts came to his knowledge. Buckingham, the keeper, has been removed.

Buckingham the keeper, and the Inspector of Prisons in the State of New York, should be ornamented with the "cage," "showered," beaten with ropes, and put in that same dungeon at least one week, on bread and water. By that time, I think Mr. Inspector would begin to think there should be a revision of our entire system of prison discipline.

What Christian mother, in view of facts like this, can say she does not demand a voice in our criminal legislation? The condition of our jails and prisons, all over this land, in every state and county, the ignorance and immorality of the men who are the keepers of our unhappy sons and daughters, the false philosophy on which our whole system of punishment is based, call loudly for some expression of righteous indignation against our laws, and the hard, selfish wretches, made for party purposes, the keepers and inspectors of our prisons. Here is a department of the government that woman should control. Man has proved his unfitness for those duties that demand unceasing love, patience and mercy. Our daily journals teem with the abuses in our Poor Houses, Asylums and Prisons. Look at the fearful revelations made only last week of what transpires daily in the Ludlow street jail in this city. The family is but the state in miniature. Look at the men of our own households, how many can we number to whom we would entrust the care of a sick child, or the punishment of an erring one? The impatience of most men with their own children, both in word and action, is proverbial, and what can we expect from them towards the children of poverty and vice, the morally sick, the idiot, the lunatic, the criminal, the pauper, the blind, the deaf and the dumb? We demand woman's voice in these matters.

Some woman clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, "who has all the rights she wants," may read the above, and if she is not too much hardened by prosperity, may heave a sigh, or drop a tear, over the sad fate of this poor boy in a strange land, or put up a prayer to heaven for the unhappy mother far away. But she may soon console herself with the reflection that all is well with her sons, that women have nothing to do with government; they are not prison inspectors or keepers, and she has no responsibility in the matter. Perhaps by some sudden turn in the wheel of fortune, her son may be dragged down the whirlpool of vice, and through the grated door of a convict's cell, that fair young boy, with soft blue eyes and golden hair, may pour a convicts wrongs into a sorrowing mother's ears. Then she will awake to the inhumanity of a life so miserable and so monotonous, the agony of speechless solitude, with its sad memories of the past and fearful forebodings of the future, the withering of all taste, sentiment, affection and interest in the outer world, the starvation alike of soul and body, the petty tyranny of brutal keepers, all so plainly seen in the pale, sad face and sullen melancholy of the unhappy convict.

Ah! let a mother see *her* son in a yoke, beaten with ropes, showered, his fingers gnawed with mice and cockroaches, thrust like a viper into a dark, dirty cell, and at such a moment ask her if she would not like our prisons transformed into moral seminaries, where all that is good and noble in these unfortunate ones might be wakened into life, where they could be comfortably fed and housed, have hours for study, labor, recreation, learn trades, professions, agriculture, cultivate fruits and flowers, lay out gardens, farms; ask her if she would not go to the polls and vote for such a revolution?

Votes have made our prisons what they are. Votes can change them from Pandemonium to Paradise. What woman made wise through suffering does not see that she, too, has duties in the outer world? Knowing the little feet that make music in our homes to-day are soon to wander alone in the great garden of life, let us one and all make haste to see that no thorns grow there, no dangers hedge those paths about. In view of the sorrrow and suffering that envelope the human family like a dark cloud, that woman must be selfish, ignorant and unthinking, who can wrap the mantle of complacency about her and say "I have all the rights I want."

E. C. S.

All the Rights they Want.—Two ladies in Lancaster, Mass., it is told, lately started out with petitions, one for signatures asking the legislature to give women the privilege of voting, the other praying the legislature to allow women to remain in their present sphere. The latter ran ahead twenty-six to one. There is a town adjoining Lancaster, where the same experiment would produce a very different result or it has fearfully fallen from the grace of ten years ago. Lancaster was never wakened to the subject of Southern slavery, till the thunder around Fort Sumter shook the earth. And from this latest account, it seems doubtful whether it did not snore that through, like Rip-Van Winkle the war of 1776.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

Under such heading, the New York *Independent* prophesies that "it is evident the negro question is not yet settled. Nor, from present appearances, is it likely to be settled during the first or even the second year of the new administration. We have not known a time since 1860 when the negro, as a wronged man waiting for justice, has been less an object of interest and sympathy, or when an appeal for his rights would not awaken a warmer response than now. This apathy is due in great measure to the general conviction that the question is already practically settled—a conviction as short-sighted in white men as it is disappointing to black; but due in still greater measure to the feeble pulse of moral feeling which the republican party has manifested ever since Grant became its leader."

It is evident that the *Independent* is becoming daily wiser in national affairs and prospects. For it proceeds with equal measure of inspiration to say, after some most unfavorable comments and comparisons touching the President and his party, that, "under the present auspices at Washington (unless we greatly misjudge the signs of the times) the republican party will gradually grow weaker and weaker, and their opponents steadily stronger and stronger. The moral sympathy which formerly united the republican ranks into an irresistible phalanx is now becoming dull and chill in each man's breast. The elected leader cares for no great idea, and does not seem to suspect that his party is at this moment beginning to fall off from him because he is lifted to a station which is one plane too high for his genius. Then, too, like a ball on a fountain, Congress keeps alternately tossed up and down. The omen was ill when Congress so far forgot justice and duty as to admit the vote of Georgia in the Electoral College. The omen was ill when Congress refused to pass a law making suffrage uniform throughout the land. The omen was ill when Congress, by an express vote, struck out from the 15th article the right to hold office. It is hard to hold this fickle nation steadfastly to a moral purpose when its Chief Magistrate has no genuine sympathy for moral ideas, and when its chosen representatives are constantly compromising their own convictions."

But "the omen was very ill, too," (illest of all) when the New York *Independent*, knowing all it does now of Gen. Grant, and faithfully warning the nation against him, became his earnest, and at least professedly ardent admirer. If Grant was what that broad-paged and broader phylacteried journal represented him in 1867, why, in 1868, was it eloquently advocating his claims to an office it had so often and so well proved his unfitness to hold? And why, again, the change indicated in its editorial last week? The *Independent* is the most pretentious in its claim for patronage and support, of any paper in the nation, secular or religious. Undoubtedly it has by far the largest circulation of any so-called religious journal in the nation. And, pursuing the course it has in the last two years, it is in just that proportion, the most dangerous journal in the nation. It knew the President two years ago, and spoke truly, even if cautiously, of him. It knew him all last summer and autumn, and did not speak truly of him.

It knew it did not. It knew it was deceiving the people. That the New York *Herald* and *Tribune* should thus act, was natural. But the public paid the *Independent* the high compliment of expecting and believing better things of it. Now, for some reason, it can afford to speak and prophesy truly again. This editor is slow to believe what some dare declare, that the Presid nt's appointments have much to do with it.

P. P.

HEARTH AND HOME.

After a long absence, we turn with pleasure to Mrs. Kate Hunnibee's Diary, and that pretty picture of domestic felicity where Kate sits sewing, with her dogs and cats and children all about her. I think it was very ungracious in Kate, after good old Mr. Mix had given her a recipe for a felon and for lining her stove, that she would not enlighten him on the question of Woman's Suffrage. It would have "instructed and entertained" Mr. Mix, and pleased the editors of The Revolution if she had only freed her mind on that question, and I have no doubt that "Augustus," too, would rather have heard Kate's views on Washington affairs than on "seed mats," "fans" and "tidies." Women must have a little knowledge on these matters, so as to amuse the dear men when they are at home sick with felons, or bronchitis. I am sorry to hear that Kate's baby is sick so often. I never did like her views on the treatment of babies, and the fact that the wee one is frequently ill shows that there is a screw loose in the Hunnibee system. Kate says that it is so long since the editor of The Revolution had a baby that she knows nothing about them. Why, Kate, it is only ten years since we dandled our last, and for twenty we made babyhood the subject of all our philosophical researches. We read everything that the sons of Esculapius had written on the subject—all the German, French, English and American authors, and actually bathed, dressed and fed our babies according to rules laid down by that learned Scotchman, Andrew Combe. Our babies, Kate, were never sick. Would you like to know how we treated them? Please don't give women any more recipes for making nicknacs, they waste so much eyesight and nervous force that way already; they might far better learn to ride on the velocipede, play billiards, or find some employment in the open air.

E. C. S.

A CABINET MYSTERY.

Why do not the moneyed men and taxpayers make more inquiry as to the Presidential policy, or lack of policy, in appointing Mr. Boutwell in place of Mr. Stewart to the Treasury bureau? With all the talk about revenue, taxes and tariffs, the national debt and the currency, the bonds and the bondholders, the people have been led to believe that the question of Free Trade and Protection must have some meaning, and some intimate relation to these collateral subjects. If the President desired a Free-trader, he had him in Stewart. If a Protectionist, he has him in Boutwell. But how came it about that the moment a representative of one policy was found to be unavailable, a substitute was forthwith taken from the opposite side? If Grant wanted Stewart and free trade, what does he want of Boutwell? Or if he wanted Boutwell and protection, what induced him to call Stewart to his side? There is a singular mystery about the whole transaction. If the President sold his services to Stewart, only for Stewart's benefit, as an advertisement of dry goods on a grand scale, it would be interesting to know how much he was paid. That seems about as reasonable and righteous an explanation as the case admits of at present.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

The sixth annual Commencement of the New York Medical College for Women was celebrated at the Hall of the Historical Society last evening. The occasion was full of suggestive and encouraging interest for the advocates of the right of women to engage in medical practice. There was a large and intelligent audience in attendance, composed largely of ladies. On the platform were seated the faculty and the lady incorporators of the College, together with distinguished members of the clergy. After some choice music had been performed on the piano by Prof. J. H. Wilson, the Rev. Mr. Blinn offered a prayer. The Rev. Dr. E. O. Flagg then made the opening address on the change in public opinion relative to the practice of women pursuing the medical profession. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage followed with an address in which he showed that female physicians were eminently more fitted in advising and caring for their sex than male physicians, and that the former, if allowed the advantages of education, would become more useful as a class than the latter in helping to alleviate disease and suffering. Subsequently Mrs. Dr C. S. Lozier, Dean of the College, read a report stating that buildings had recently been purchased at the corner of Second Avenue and Twelfth street, for the use of the college. Next came the distribution of diplomas to the graduating class, numbering ten ladies of various ages, mostly belonging in this city and Brooklyn. The Hippocratic oath was first administered to them, after which Mrs. Wm. H. Greenough, President of the Board of Trustees of the College, presented the diplomas. The usual valedictory address was made by Miss Mary J. Safford, of Cairo, Illinois, and was received with applause. Prof. Penfield delivered the charge to the graduating class. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was then introduced, and made an able speech. The exercises terminated with the benediction.—*Tribune.*

The College Commencement was held as usual in a Hall with no means of ventilation, while a patient, long-suffering audience were compelled, through two long hours, to breath the same air over and over at least twenty times—an unnecessary piece of economy when we remember that the air is forty miles deep all round the globe.

As a Trustee of this college, and responsible in a measure for all the Commencement arrangements, I feel that an apology is due not only to the people, who, gasping like fishes out of water, generously remained to the close of the exercises, but to the Rev. gentlemen who (without oxygen) so eloquently advocated a thorough scientific education for woman. I had always hoped that, with the coming of woman into the profession of medicine, we should see a closer study and observance of the laws of life and health; but I fear that they are following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors, and believe their whole mission consists in studying the diseased condition of the human organism. The true office of the physician is to prevent suffering, as well as cure it, and every physiologist must know that there is no more fruitful source of disease than sitting in a close, impure atmosphere, breathing into the lungs the morbid exhalations of the general run of people, afflicted, as they are, with scrofula, consumption, dyspepsia, bile, bad teeth, rum and tobacco. Of what possible use is it to build and endow colleges to teach people the laws of science, if we never apply them to life and its surroundings? It is simply building up with one hand what we tear down with the other.

The following letter was received from Theodore Tilton:

Pittsburg, Pa., March 19, 1869.

Mrs. Dr. Ward—*Madam:* I have been a wanderer about the country for several weeks, and your letter has been going in search of me, like a shepherdess after a lamb. This explains my long delay to answer your inquiry.

If I were disentangled from other engagements, I would be glad to take part in the exercises at the New York Medical College for Women, and to utter a hearty word in behalf of woman's high, beautiful, and sacred mission as a ministrant to the sick.

I believe that woman is a natural physician. And I believe, also, that the day is not fifty years in the future when one-half the entire medical profession of this country will consist of women. It will then be pleasant for a man to be sick!

Yours, faithfully, Theodore Tilton.

Worse and worse. Theodore now postpones the millennium-day fifty years!

He forgets, too, that when women are scientific physicians there will be no *sick* men. It will be far more pleasant for us to affiliate with men with sound minds in sound bodies. Of all pitiful sights is a sick man. A woman arrayed in a rich dressing gown and cap can look quite interesting, pale and thin in an easy chair, but a man with his Adam's core, unkept beard, irritable temper, his hopeless views of the future, and his long legs that no one can lift in bed or out is enough to appal the most patient and loving of Eve's daughters. Let us have done with sick men.

E. C. S.

BRITISH GLORY AND BRITISH DEBT.

The new Parliament, hardly yet under way, has been presented with quite a steep bill to pay out of the people's pockets. We refer to the debt of almost $45,000,000 accumulated by the late war with King Theodore, for the recovery of a dozen or more Englishmen.

The *Times* of the 5th, in a leader on the subject, of three short but totally different paragraphs—the first expatiating on England's glory from the expedition, the second given to the debt resulting therefrom, and the third to lamentation thereon—gives the philosopher another example of the vain glory, the commonplaceness and the sorrows of this life.

We are first told that "nothing could have been more magnificent than the triumph of the nation last April," then very poetically that "the white men of the North and the children of the East" came "with terrible precision to their goal," where they freed "the prisoners," overpowered "the tyrant," who escaped "from the unknown future he dreaded in self-inflicted death." Here the writer, so carried away with his theme, exclaims, "there had been nothing like it in the history of the world since history began;" and closes his panegyrical exordium with this magnificent hyperbole, "thinking over its course again, our heads once more touch the stars!"

Leaving these heights we descend to the second paragraph—a paragraph not of figurative, but of arithmetical language. We here find, among other things, that after the House of Commons had kindly given the ministry, last year, £5,000,000 for the liquidation of this debt, though Mr. Disraeli had previously promised that he would not spend three Mr. Lowe comes forward demanding over three million pounds more! whereupon one disgusted M.P. pronounces it "the monstrous discrepancy," while an Irish member coolly told the House, that, when on a former occasion he had warned them that the expenses would reach if not exceed their present proportions, his statement was met with derision. But the most distasteful feature of the whole affair, is the fact that the Indian government has spent

over seven million pounds, or about seven-eighths of the whole amount.

In the third and last paragraph, the editor philosophically concludes that they can do nothing but "grin and bear it;" and closes with the following remorsefully clad peroration, from which individuals, and especially nations, can glean much advice: "At present we are in the humiliating position of a person who has had his fete, his gala-day, his triumph, and finds at the end of his glory that the bill is very much in excess of his anticipation. The best he can do is to resolve to be more prudent before he adventures upon a repetition of his magnificence, and this reflection he keeps to himself."

LUCY STONE.

A WOMAN divorced in Chicago last week, left the court room with the privilege of choosing between five names, to all of which she had an equal right—Warren, Greendyke, French, Conners, and Grant. The last was her maiden name: the rest were the names of four husbands, the last of whom had just been legally disposed of.

Let all women do like "Lucy Stone," honor her own name, and then keep it. As men are liable to disgrace their names, and run away from their clinging vines, it is better for every woman to maintain an individual existence and a life-long name to represent it. There is no more reason in every wife taking a husband's name than in his taking hers.

In slavery, the black man was Cuffy Davis, or Cuffy Lee, just whose Cuffy he might chance to be, but the moment he reached the land of freedom, he took a name of his own, and maintains it.

UNRIGHTEOUS MEANNESS.

SOMEBODY has sent us the Annual Report of the School Committee of the city of Lowell, Massachusetts—a handsome octavo pamphlet of some 70 pages. It is full of good suggestions on the general subject of school education, as well as matter pertaining to that single city. The teachers are nearly all women, "*females*," the Report calls them, evidently meaning women. The Principal of the High School is evidently a *male*, judging both by his name and salary, 2,200 dollars, that of other "males" is 1,700 dollars. One woman only is reported as a Principal, salary 800 dollars. Generally the women are paid 500 dollars. A very few receive 650 dollars, while several are paid but 400 dollars.

But the most remarkable statement in the Report is this:

The High School is in a very satisfactory condition. * * * The vacancy caused by the resignation of a male teacher, has been filled, *and well filled, too*, by the appointment of a female assistant. From the amount thus saved the salary of the new French teacher is taken, *and 450 dollars are left to the city.*

Why not drop the few men remaining and "*well fill their places, too*," at less than one half the cost? But Lowell has done pretty well in that respect. Only about a dozen *male majesties* left; just enough to preserve the city dignity and keep the women in their places, with wholesome consciousness of their inferiority. P. P.

THE New York *Independent* says that a gentleman invited eight of his friends to dine with him at Delmonico's a few days ago, and the bill for the dinner was over eight hundred dollars! And thousands in the city were without dinner or supper that day.

AMERICAN INTERESTS IN ASIA.

SUCH is the title of a handsome pamphlet of forty pages, by Celso Cesare Moreno, an Italian gentleman of high culture and intelligence, who has resided or travelled in many parts of Asia, for the last fifteen years. It is an appeal to the American people on their own account, in behalf of that vast empire of country and inconceivable resources. As a description, it is worth more, in some respects, than any geography extant. It should be widely read, but that seems to have been no part of the author's purpose, for only few copies have been printed and none are or will be on sale.

Five European governments already have large possessions in that quarter of the globe or its contiguous islands, some of which in size are continents, and Captain Moreno is of the opinion that it is time the United States were better known there. If England, France, Holland, Spain and Portugal may conquer and hold great territory there to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their hapless vassals and victims there, why not other nations, and all nations that have the power? But such is not the reasoning of the pamphlet in hand. The author denounces in becoming terms the cruelty and injustice exercised by the conquerors, and shows clearly and conclusively how unfit they are to govern those great peoples even were their claim to the country beyond dispute. And the English most unfit of all. The natives, he says, "judge the English invaders as a horde of shop-keepers and adventurers bent upon ravaging their country, accumulating money at any price, and, without the slightest scruple, overturning all that is most sacred to an Indian and appropriating whatever suits them." And he adds farther on, that an old fakir Brahmin, held in great esteem for his wisdom and dignity, told him in conversation that the Asiatics measure all Europeans by the English, and hate and detest all alike.

The mistake of Capt. Moreno is in presuming that Americans deserve to succeed better and would; and so he urges not by any means a military conquest or forcible occupancy of Asiatic territory, but a peaceful colonizing of there by and through our arts and improved civilization and religion; "by means of treaties and territorial concessions for the use of *comptoirs* of commerce, and naval stations established at various and convenient points till now, in possession of native rajahs."

But American history warrants no such generous conclusions. Even the abolition of chattel slavery, which the Captain calls "the magnanimous and humane act of the government," was forced upon us by the sternest military necessity, as the last, only hope of national preservation. And our treatment of the Indians of the Western hemisphere has no more than its parallel in the horrible cruelty and injustice practiced in the Eastern, until, in utter despair, our government is appealing to the Quakers to come to the rescue and save the nation from any farther waking universal odium and horror, by its vain but murderous warfare upon them from generation to generation. For more than a hundred years the English, French and Russians have lived and traded in and all around Alaska, and such an event as an Indian war was unknown. But the very first unfurling there of the stars and stripes was the signal for a fight, and a military and naval force must be forthwith dispatched *to keep the peace!*

Never should appeal or plea for America be made on the ground of "magnanimity" and "humanity." Let all nations rather beware of us. Let the "Monroe Doctrine," America for Americans, obtain, if it must. But the America of to-day should give the rest of mankind the benefit of the opposite working of the rule, and be content with America for Americans.

This, however, has nothing to do with the other and principal parts of Capt. Moreno's excellent pamphlet. And since it is not in the market, the press should extend the historical and geographical knowledge which enriches its pages, as widely as possible. Only the small size of THE REVOLUTION and its devotion to a special object, prevents it from giving a much more extended notice of and liberal extracts therefrom. P. P.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

UP in west Fifty-third street, in this city, is a church and congregation, known as St. John's M. E. Church. Last Thursday evening it held its annual Sunday School Anniversary, and a delightful thing was made of it. The children and young people generally, from almost infancy upward, crowded an ample stage on which was also placed one of Chickering's grand pianos, presided over by Miss Sarah Johnston, who had the direction of the musical part of the performances. The congregation improved the opportunity afforded by the occasion to present some elegant silver plate services to Mr. Godine, superintendent of the Sunday School, and to Mr. Robert J. Johnston, leader and teacher of their singing; a well-deserved tribute, as was said, to their eminent ability and fidelity in their respective departments. That the gifts were not misplaced in the hands of those two gentlemen, was fully assured by the performances on Thursday evening.

The programme for the evening included Declamation, Dialogue and Music in rich variety, both vocal and instrumental. Nothing gave more pleasure to the audience than some of the performances of the Infant Class made up of some five-and-twenty or thirty boys and girls from three to six or seven years old. Indeed to them seemed to have been committed most of the amusing part of the entertainment. And admirably they sustained it, eliciting the heartiest applause, and bundles of bouquets, besides being several times encored until the superintendent had to beg the audience to desist on account of the length of the programme and the shortness of the evening. This class was under the direction of the Misses Smith and Moore who must have felt well paid for the instruction they had given.

Where everything was done so well, it is perhaps hardly fair to particularize, but certainly the little butterflies who gave the "Housemaid's Soliloquy," the "Village Gossips" (in costume), and "Aunt Hetty's Reflections on Matrimony," literally brought down the house. Every one of them seemed to enter into the full spirit of her part, and performed it to the surprise as well as admiration of the audience. Worse acting is often seen at the best theatres. Throughout the evening, the girls quite equalled the boys, and generally surpassed them, a compliment to the Methodist denomination as well as to the girls; for it has always held Paul a little in abeyance in its estimate and treatment of women in the churches. Whittier's Barbara Freichtie was spoken by a little midget in the Infant Class who has not

yet learned to read, but he warbled it off like a *bobalink*, to the infinite delight of the audience.

"Aunt Hetty's Reflections on Matrimony," was, so far as it went, a capital lecture on Woman's Rights. Its rendering gave promise of another Anna Dickinson. The audience could not be restrained, and return to the stage she must. And return she did; but with surprising good sense and taste in one so young, she gave only the close of her piece, though again with effect as beautiful as before. Even the Sunday School is training up lecturers and editors for the cause of woman and of right, strikingly fulfilling the Hebrew strain, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise."

To the older classes were committed the more serious parts of the performance, generally declamation and recitation, in which several acquitted themselves well. Much of the music was capitally rendered and gave great pleasure; the choruses were sung with fine spirit and effect. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Goss, evidently had much pleasure and pride in the whole performance, and not without good reason. And the parents, superintendents and teachers might share it with him, as they doubtless did.

But the object in giving this account is not yet quite reached. What to me was most interesting of all, was, to learn that the preparations and rehearsals for this delightful entertainment were part and parcel of the Sunday exercises. My own pupilage in the Sunday School began more than fifty years ago. Then the whole instruction was in committing chapters of Scripture, hymns, psalms and calvinistic catechisms. And a dismal time indeed we had of it. The best scholar was he or she who could jabber over (for it was mainly *jabber*) the longest lessons. Everything about the school was as solemn as a funeral from beginning to end. For I know not how many years, we did not even have singing, and when we did the most doleful hymns and tunes were selected. Everything was contrived to make the occasion as dismal as possible. The day was holy, the house was holy, the lessons were holy, pre-eminently, and holy was but another word for gloom and ghastliness. Anything like a smile in that holy presence, would have been rebuked as a sin scarcely admitting of forgiveness. And the story of the two she bears dining on two and forty children of Bethel, whom the prophet of the Lord cursed back again, when they mocked him, was often told in awful tone, and with frightful particularity. There were no Sunday School festivals, pic-nics and parties, now so common. Sunday itself was sadness itself, and the Sunday School was made as much so as possible. Everything about it was shrouded in a drapery of gloom. Death was the climax of all terrors, and life, even young life, must be made as terrible as possible, as if to acclimate the spirit to it, as the one only aim for which life was given. I do not know what would have been thought in those dismal days had the festival here described in part, been predicted. I am sure it would have cost the rash prophet his reputation, if not severer doom. A Sunday School scene with joyous, rosy-faced boys and laughing, gleesome girls in pretty white frocks and pink ribbons, singing lively and secular, as well as serious tunes, speaking comic dialogues as well as the pathetic interview between Naomi and her daughters-in-law, and declaiming on Woman's Rights and other worldly themes, along with the tragic banishment of Hagar and her child to the wilderness, dear me! had it then been deemed possible that the Sunday School could so degenerate in one-half century, I really believe the institution would have been abandoned altogether, as of the devil.

But who now would wish to return with their children to those regions of the valley of the shadow of death?

The light of the Sun of Righteousness rising and shining on a world beclouded in Jewish and Gentile shadows and spectral terrors, waked all the heavenly choir to hymn its glory, as a morning in spring is hailed by the carrol of myriads of birds. So should all hearts rejoice that the chill, the gloom, the midnight dark of a hundred and of fifty years ago is chased away; and now in the Sunday School, in the name of religion and of worship, the happy voices of children can ascend with the music of the birds and mingle with the voices of angels before the throne, in praise of a common Creator and God who sits thereon.

P. P.

SHAMEFUL DISCLOSURES.

Over her own name, Hannah Tyler, a Treasury clerk at Washington, says in last week's N. Y. *Independent* "the masses of women at the present time employed in the departments are not possessed of very brilliant clerical abilities. Very many of them have scarcely education enough to tell the day of the week by a counting-house calendar; and they owe their appointments and continuance in office to their personal advantages. When a *man* receives an appointment to a clerkship, he is obliged to appear before a board of departmental officers, and undergo an examination; and although the examination is not so strict as that imposed upon the graduating class of a New England college, it is so difficult that not one woman in a hundred could pass it satisfactorily."

A pretty face or foot, she intimates is the principal recommendation to many, and then adds, "the truth forces me to confess that the departments are filled with females—crowded, I may say, with those who serve the government in no other way except to embarrass the public officials in the discharge of their duties. I could furnish the names of scores and scores of women, whom the heads of departments have tried to get rid of for months and years, as being utterly worthless, yet have been unable to do so owing to outside influences. I could furnish the names of scores of women who do not perform an hour's work per diem for the government; not in every instance because they are unwilling, but because they do not have the work—there being too many engaged at the same labor. In the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, for instance, one-third of the force employed would be quite sufficient to perform the labor. This is no speculation on my part. I know whereof I affirm."

In the Post-office Department, the law provides for fifty female clerks, and desks are arranged for that number; yet ex-Postmaster-General Randell appointed *one hundred and five*. During the two weeks immediately prior to his exit he appointed thirty female clerks; and for what reason Heaven only knows, since nearly one-fifth of those already employed had nothing to do—nay, not even a seat in the office!"

The writer asks that women be made subject to the same stern conditions every way as men and paid as much for as much work, done as well, and she thinks the examining board and auditors should be women; and in order to prevent corruption in all bureaus where females are employed, there should be female auditors. She says, I know an instance where one malicious woman-clerk caused the removal of some five or six faithful men, simply because they refused to lend money to her husband (?), a worthless blackguard, who never paid his debts." She adds that the auditor who made these removals has just resigned and gone to the West.

The letter closes with the reasonable suggestion that Congress or the President should protect honest women from being insulted by having paramours or mistresses of members of Congress forced upon them, and be obliged to tolerate their society day by day, and calls on Mr. Boutwell to clean out the riffraff, and the pollution of his department.

Altogether, this is one of the most remarkable disclosures ever made from Washington. It is getting a wide circulation through the press, and cannot be without its effect. Why an honest man or decent woman should seek or desire a clerkship in Washington, is past all comprehension of at least this editor, a great way. Members of Congress, mean as many of them are, and "Washington Society," so called, mean as that also is, have no more respect or regard for them, only as they can use them, than for the porters and boot blacks of the hotels.

P. P.

IRISH REPUBLICANS ON WOMAN.

The Conventions of Irish Republicans held in Washington on the ninth of March, in their series of spirited and patriotic resolutions included the following:

That we most cordially congratulate the colored people of America on the prospect of their being speedily invested with the right of citizenship in every state and section of the Union, and we demand that equal rights shall be extended to all who are not guilty of crime, irrespective of religious or political creed, or of color, race or sex.

That as adults who have attained the age of 18 years are regarded fit for the domestic duties of life, and in the male sex, fit for military service, we are unable to see any good or sufficient reason why they should be excluded from the ballot-box.

The clause in the third resolution, advocating Woman Suffrage, was objected to by Capt. McMahon, who remarked that however much in favor of equal suffrage individuals might be, he thought it wrong to endeavor to shoulder it upon this national association; but Mr. O'Connor, in an eloquent speech, took ground in favor of the clause being left as it had been prepared, and in chaste and beautiful language advocated the right of women to vote. It was proper, he said, that the Irish Republicans of the country should be the pioneers of this great progressive movement. Woman Suffrage must soon come, and he wanted to be with his countrymen in the van leading them on in this march of intellect.

Vies with any of them.—Mrs Dianah Vies, a widow lady who lives near Nashville, Tennessee, is one-hundred and fourteen years of age, and is still healthy and vigorous. She rides on horseback, and does much work. She has been married three times, has over 400 descendants living. Each of her husbands served in the revolutionary war, for which she draws a pension. She is living with her daughter, Mrs. Sawyers, who is now only ninety, but thinks she too may live to a good age.

A colored clerk, Miss E. J. Ketcham, has just been appointed to a desk in the Treasury department at Washington.

THE AGITATOR.

Let every one be sure and take Mrs. Livermore's new paper published in Chicago. Its name is enough to rouse the slumbering and start the lazy to action. Its motto, "Healthy agitation precedes all true reform," gives promise of strong, substantial argument, and the pluck, patience and perseverance of its leading editor ensure its success. We have read two numbers, and congratulate all the advocates of Woman's Suffrage that another able pen is to be wielded in the defence of our sex.

WOMEN AS SEA CAPTAINS.

The Revolution last week gave account of Mrs. Maguire who brought the ship Chieftain to New York from Calcutta, her husband, the captain, being confined below by dangerous illness. The following is an interesting sketch of the young Mrs. Patten alluded to in that article who a few years since, performed a similar heroic action and under very similar circumstances. It is said Mrs. Patten did not long survive her husband:

Mrs. Patten was born in East Boston of wealthy parents, and received an excellent education, and was in every respect tenderly nurtured and cared for. She is now but twenty years of age, *de petite taille*, has small hands and features, delicate blonde complexion, soft blue eyes, and altogether gives one an idea of feminine softness and womanliness that it is impossible to associate with the daring nerve and decisive qualities she exhibited in a remarkable degree. At eighteen years of age she married Captain Patten, then but twenty-five years of age, he having been master of a vessel—the bark St. Andrew, which plied between New York and the South American ports—and was then off duty, waiting until the Cornelia Lawrence, a new ship, was ready for sea. Shortly after he was married the master of the ship Neptune's Car sickened as she was about to put to sea for a voyage around the world, and the owners, Messrs. Foster and Nickerson, offered the post to Captain Patten, but he hesitated, as he did not wish to leave his young bride. The owners, however, gave him permission to take her with him; and in twelve hours after the first notification the young couple were on board, and the vessel getting ready to leave the dock. The Neptune's Car first sailed for San Francisco, thence to China, from China to London, and finally arrived in New York, after an absence of seventeen months. During this time Mrs. Patten amused herself by helping her husband in his nautical observations, worked up the time from the chronometers, and occasionally kept the reckoning of the ship. Last August the Neptune's Car again put to sea, and it was on this voyage that Mrs. Patten's misfortunes commenced. As the vessel neared the Straits of Magellan, her husband was taken with a disease in the head, which finally developed into a brain fever. He attended to his ship as long as he was able, and when it was impossible to give any personal orders, he found to his dismay, that his first mate was wholly incompetent to take charge of the ship, and that there was no other officer on board qualified to take the vessel into port. He found that the first mate was anxious to run the vessel into Valparaiso, but this he earnestly forbade, as the crew might all leave and the cargo be destroyed before the consignees could send for the vessel. In this emergency Mrs. Patten's rare qualities developed themselves. She assumed command of the vessel herself, and the nautical observations she once made in sport and for a pastime she now undertook as a duty. Her time was spent between the bedside of her delirious husband and the writing desk, working up the intricate calculations incident to nautical observations, making entries in the log book in her own delicate penmanship, and tracing out with accuracy the position of the ship from the charts in the cabin. The rough sailors all obeyed the "little woman," as they called her, with a will, and eyed her curiously and affectionately through the cabin windows while deep in the calculations on which her life and theirs depended. There was one person on board, however, who viewed her course with jealousy and mistrust. This was the first mate. He wrote her a letter, warning her of the responsibility she was assuming and proferring advice but she spiritedly replied that "her husband would not trust him when he was well, and she could not do so now that he was sick." For fifty days Mrs. Patten did not undress herself and took very little sleep, working day and night, and never leaving her sick husband's room. Her labors are the more suprising in view of the fact, that she was all this time in a delicate condition, and soon expects to give birth to her first child.

The Neptune's Car arrived safely at San Francisco on the 15th of November last, it having been for fifty-six days in command of a delicate female not twenty years of age. What a splendid text for Woman's Rights people!

Mrs. Patten is now at the Battery Hotel with her husband, who, it is supposed, is in a dying condition. The fever has never left him, and for some time past he has been blind and deaf. They did expect to leave in the boat for Boston yesterday, for her own home, but he was too sick to be moved.

Mrs. Patten's case is one of the most remarkable on record, and adds one to the many instances that history records of female devotion and heroism.

Canterbury, N. H., has elected four women on its board of School Commissioners, and Concord two.

LITERARY.

The Eastern or Turkish Bath, its History, Revival in Britain, and application to the purposes of health. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. New York: Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight street. Here is a very handsome pamphlet of 72 pages, by one who evidently knows whereof he affirms. In his introduction, the author says, "My own advocacy of the Bath is directed mainly to its adoption as a social custom, as a cleanly habit; and on this ground I would press it on the attention of every thinking man. But if, beside bestowing physical purity and enjoyment, it tend to preserve health, to prevent disease, and even cure disease, the votary of the bath will receive a double reward."

So much for the introduction. But before the book closes, Dr. Wilson indirectly shows that the baths are real and powerful remedial agents. And then there is an Appendix, by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, containing a report of its curative virtues to satisfy the most unbelieving. The book may be read profitably by all who are interested in the better health of the human race.

While writing this notice of Dr. Wilson's Essay, another little Tract appears entitled A Treatise on Baths and Vapor Baths, translated from the German of Dr. E. Gutman, and published by him probably some time since, though there is no date to the title-page. Dr. Gutman treats of the Russian Bath as a luxury, a cure and a preventive of disease. Rheumatism, gout, paralysis, neuralgia, catarrh and dyspepsia, are among the diseases specified as yielding to that treatment.

Drs. Browning and Larkin are successors to Dr. Gutman, at 23 and 25 East 4th street, and some of The Revolution family are, or have been, both patients and boarders there, and are enthusiastic in praise of the whole establishment. Dr. Gutman erected both Turkish and Russian baths, and both are continued by the present occupants, some preferring one, and some the other. It is pleasant to record that this institution and Dr. Angell's Turkish bath at 61 Lexington Avenue, as also the old Laight street Institute of Drs. Miller and Wood are receiving a most liberal and increasing patronage, and the health and habits of many are greatly improving thereby.

Arthur's Home Magazine. Edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Sons. Two dollars a year, in advance. This journal is now in its 33d volume, but is still given rather too much to dress and ornament for earnest, momentous times like these. Neither of the ten commandments says exactly, thou shalt love the latest fashion with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Such a commandment as that, when kept, soon deprives its devotee of heart, soul and mind altogether. To this editor, at least, the present fashion plates are fit only to be compared with the horrible gods and graven images of the Hindoos and New Zealanders. And unless the Fashion Magazines contain a large amount of inspiration adapted to elevate and hold the soul far above all such vain and impious idolatry, no word can be spoken in their praise. Harper's *Bazar* is a great deal more than a mere advertiser of Paris fashion and folly, in the hands of its present gifted editor. But, it must be said in behalf of womankind, that most of this class of periodicals are not only useless and worthless, but of absolutely hurtful and dangerous tendency.

The Atlantic Monthly—devoted to Science, Literature and Politics. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: 63 Bleeker street. Four dollars a year. The April number commences "the Autobiography of a Shaker," to be continued—probably at some length. Religion is getting advertised, if not embraced, in all its many forms. No sect probably increases so fast as the Catholics—none so slow as the Shakers. The Catholic Church has seen the beginning of all the Christian sects now extant, and may see the end of them all. In respect to marriage, all Shakers are Catholic priests, while the Mormons are their very antipodes; the priests and elders marrying as far as the women will go, but of course dooming multitudes to Shakerism or something else, in consequence, should their religion ever become millennialized over the earth. For, though Mormonism, or Mahometanism may marry seven or seven hundred women to one patriarch, nature will never become an accomplice in such monstrosities, by producing girls in such disproportion. The Catholics have already advertised themselves in the *Monthly*, and now the Shakers take their turn. Mormonism may come next. It could not do a wiser thing for itself, the *Monthly* consenting, for its circulation is wide as America and the English language are known.

Packard's Monthly is always on time and always comes in loaded. If what "everybody says must be true," then is the *Monthly* much more than a pecuniary success. It has marked out a course of its own, and has, so far, no competitor on that line. The April number fully sustains its well-acquired reputation. A little more of the aggressive, the Revolutionary, would add to its value, probably without subtracting from its subscription list, which it is pleasant to know is constantly increasing. Every article is entertaining, if not useful. Who are the Angels, and Practical Religion, are better for young sinners (or saints) than the abstruse, theological primer and catechism lessons which those who made them did not understand; and volumes of explanations and expositions upon them, for at least a hundred years, have not made comprehensible, even to the maturest minds. S. S. Packard, publisher, 987 Broadway, New York. One dollar per annum.

Once a Month. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia. 20 cents a number. Messrs. Arthur & Sons have, in this magazine, inaugurated a new enterprise. In matter, it resembles somewhat the *Every Saturday* of Fields, Osgood & Co., but in size, form, and style, it is very unlike. It is a *pocket* magazine of light reading that might, from its convenience, recommend itself rather to railroad travellers than anybody else.

Putnam's Monthly for April. Like every number, it praises itself. The drawback is an exaggerated sketch of Parson Brownlow and John Bright. Neither is worthy the high encomiums bestowed upon him. It is only in very dark nights that stars of such magnitude appear at

all. Far into the rebellion Brownlow continued to pour the vials of his hottest wrath on the heads of the Abolitionists, declaring that their leaders should be hung on the same gallows with leading rebels, and their bodies buried in the same ditch. The rest of the anathema attributed to him, more horrible still, he afterwards denied.

Many men are orators, declaimers, destroyers, and even poets, painters and architects but who out of these spheres, can never be distinguished. As orator, debater, declaimer, iconoclast, John Bright has few equals, but as minister and statesman, he will never shine.

THE NURSERY for April has come blithe and beautiful as the first spring robin. The children wait for it with more impatience than for any other paper. And the mothers like it generally quite as well as do the children. Whoever has the getting up of the *Nursery* is doing more for the future of the nation, for its well being in every respect, than all the political newspapers in the state together. It is the young children that read the *Nursery*, or have it read to them; and it is down there, and not up among the half-grown, where the most lasting impressions are made. The *Nursery* should reach wherever children are in training. It is to them like alternate rain and sunshine to early vegetation. It costs but $1.50 per annum, and, carefully preserved, will, at the end of the year, make a beautiful book of almost 400 pages, full of pictures, poetry, stories, and whatever is amusing, interesting and useful to children young, or children old. John L. Shorey, has the honor of publishing it, at 13 Washington street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL for April has come, marching in through the cold and storm. He tells some very queer things about the Dakota Indians, and somebody has been putting it into his head that boys can and should keep hens and make it pleasant and profitable. And he says, too, that Mr. Gerrit Smith and Rev. George Trask both advise against the use of tobacco, in all its forms. An opinion the *Corporal* has held ever since he entered on his present mission. He is always interesting, and this month particularly so. Sewall & Co. have charge of him. No. 6 Post-office Place, Chicago.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for April. S. R. Wells, editor, 389 Broadway, New York. Three dollars a year. For April an extensive and much varied table of contents is presented. An article on Fish Culture, illustrated with plates, and a portrait of the late James T. Brady with sketch of his life and character make up a part of its value.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY. Cincinnati, Ohio: R. W. Carroll & Co., 115 W. 4th street. Four dollars a year, in advance. It proposes to devote itself "to the advocacy of Primitive Chistianity as distinguished from the religion of sects;" "endeavoring to maintain a dignified and courteous bearing towards all from whom it may differ." No easy thing to do in these times, and not quite kept to through the very first article.

THE HOME MONTHLY—devoted to literature and religion. Nashville, Tennessee. Southern Methodist Publishing House. A. B. Stack, editor. Three dollars, in advance.

HOW HE WON HER. A Sequel to "Fair Play." By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 510 pages. $1.75. Peterson Brothers, 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. The press of the Petersons seems illimitable in its power of production, and Mrs. Southworth no less so. This time she is said to have outdone herself, and exceeded, if possible, "Fair Play," to which it is a sequel. Life is too short to read all her books, but they now call her "the best female novelist of the age." Of that, this editor is not competent to speak. But should the gifted writer infuse a a little, or rather a great deal more of the spirit of progress, the true genius of the nineteenth century, into her works, it would greatly enhance their value.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY is a beautiful magazine, at three dollars a year, half music and half reading; good reading, too, most of it.

PETERS'S PARLOR COMPANION for the Flute, Violin and Piano—also monthly, sheet-music size and style, three dollars per annum. Address J. L. Peters, 5429 Broadway, New York.

OUR OWN. A new Monthly comes from Philadelphia, edited by Rev. A. J. Ryan, George Town, Alice Hawthorne, Fannie Warner, and others, several others. It is a Home and Family Magazine, children included, with music, poetry, pictures and all the old et ceteras well presented, but it is to be feared not quite up to the moral needs of the hour, especially on the side of woman. Woman has a right to make stern, strong demands of this age; and her magazines should not be too modest in presenting and urging her claims.

THE SPECTATOR—devoted to Fine Arts, Poetry, Music, the Drama, Agriculture and Temperance. Noah Partee, editor. Memphis, Tenn. Two dollars a year. It promises well, goes bravely to its work, but has a hard field to cultivate.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS, AND THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER. By Sir Walter Scott. Price 20 cents each. Peterson Brothers, 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Their press seems to have no rest, day nor night. There will be no excuse now on the ground of cost for not possessing the Waverly Novels. Five dollars for the whole series.

THE MOTHER AT HOME. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, editor. New York: Hosford & Sons, 57 William street, $1.50 per annum, in advance.

LADIES' REPOSITORY. A religious and literary Magazine. Boston: Universalist Publishing House, 37 Cornhill. $2.50 a year.

MISS KATE FIELDS, the talented authoress, will make her first appearance in public in a fortnight, and discuss "Woman in the Lyceum," at Boston.

THE BENEDICT TIME WATCH

THE enterprising firm of Benedict Brothers have now ready at their "up-town" establishment, 691 Broadway, an extensive and elegant assortment of Gold and Silver Watches for the Fall trade of 1868, to which they invite the attention of the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" and all others who desire a perfect TIME-KEEPER. Their stock comprises the various grades of the American Waltham and the choicest imported watches. They have also, in addition, a fine quality of watch which they have named the "Benedict Time Watch," they having the supervision of the manufacture of the movements, which are of nickel, which has proved to be a metal more durable than brass or other compound metals, and less liable to contraction or expansion by the fluctuating character of the temperature of this climate. This movement gives greater accuracy and requires less repairs than the others. Their stock of American Watches is unrivalled. All the various grades may be found at their counters at the lowest prices, regulated and in every respect warranted. The Messrs' Benedict Brothers have secured their reputation and extensive patronage by a strictly honorable course in conducting their business, selling the best of goods at fair prices. We feel safe in commending this establishment to the consideration of our readers, and would say to all, if you want a good, relible Watch, go to Benedict Brothers, up town, 691 Broadway.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. III.—NO. 13.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND. A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—SPECIE PAYMENTS —THE CURRENCY.

THE questions of Woman's Rights, specie payments, and our circulating currency are being extensively discussed, and it is amusing to note the different projects for accomplishing the second, and the ignorance shown in regard to the latter. Some people look upon specie payments as the panacea for every existing public evil in regard to trade and values. Ask one class of men, if they desire to purchase this or that property, and their response is uniform—"Oh. no, I am going to wait until the crack comes, when we resume specie payments." Take another class and talk with them about real estate stocks, manufacturing, or any business requiring capital, etc., and they promptly exclaim: "We are going to destruction at a rapid rate by the exorbitant prices prevailing, and no one but fools would invest a cent until prices come down." And, notwithstanding the pertinacity of these sleepy drones in crying down everything, and predicting certain ruin in a very short time, property goes up in value, improvements augment, manufactures increase, the earth, through mechanical skill to lessen labor and our genial soil and climate, yields its abundance, the mineral productions from our rich and extensive mines increase from year to year, labor commands a fair reward, and a degree of real, sound wealth unparalleled in any other country on the face of the earth greets the eye of all who have an inclination to see and who have brains enough to appreciate what is transpiring around them.

Now, I suppose that specie payments will not be reached in five years at least, nor do I believe, if we were under specie payments to-morrow, that we should be any more prosperous or happy than we now are. It might benefit the non-producer who lives on his income, but it would not benefit the industry of the country. Gold, as a circulating medium, is not more valuable than paper. If all nations would say that paper, arranged in proper denominations and issued as money under the sanction and restraints of government, should be a legal tender in each country, it would be just as valuable to pay debts, adjust balances, and carry on trade and commerce, as specified sums of gold. The value is given to gold and silver by LAW, and *law* will give equal value to paper, if only uniform in different countries, the same as that regulating gold and silver.

We can reach specie payments without trouble, when the wealth that was destroyed by the war is made up, and the best way to make it up as a nation is by industry and economy. Work more, consume less, and live more in true christian simplicity. Stop buying Stuart's foreign gew-gaws—laces, camel hairs, silks and satins. Reduce the fashionable equipages that roll over the pavements of the Fifth Avenue and over the avenues of the Park daily. Let every man, woman and child fulfil the divine law, and "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." This done, croakers will be annihilated, want for the comforts and necessaries of life rarely to be met with, and women's rights and interests will predominate over stupidity and ignorance which now blight this unparalleled and prosperous nation. Women are like greenbacks, too circumscribed, too much abused and too much de-

graded. Give us more greenbacks—annihilate the antediluvian laws that so belittle and degrade woman—making her a mere toy, rather than the helpmate and equal of man. *Revolutionize* the past—establish equal rights by equal laws—and put the ballot into the hands of the virtue and intelligence of the country, without regard to sex, or color, or nationality, and we shall prosper as a nation and a people. This is the road to specie payments. We want to encourage and stimulate labor in both sexes, and on equal terms, and to do this, give us equal laws, and a larger currency.

We have now, taking bank notes, legal tenders, and fractional currency, in the hands of the people, $585,000,000. The national revenue is $350,000,000 a year, almost its equal. The cost of the Pacific Railroad alone is $200,000,000. The value of the production of cotton for 1868, is at least, $250,000,000. The productions of gold and silver per year amount to more than $50,000,000, all labor. The value of salt manufactured in this state, in 1868, is $1,800,000. The number of bushels of wheat that passed through our canals the last year was 12,369,030 bushels, at $1½ per bushel, $18,553,545. The number of bushels of corn, 18,099,136, at 75 cents per pushel, $14,028,761. Other grain, 13,191,782 bushels, at 75 cents per bushel, $9,893,837. Total value of grain passing into this state, from western states only, not including that raised in this state, $33,716,435. Look at these items, each by itself, and then say whether we have a circulating medium enough for the business, or a redundancy of currency? I repeat, we want more greenbacks, more equality and justice for women, a regulation for the value of labor, so that work shall be justly paid for, whether performed by feminine or masculine hands. R.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN QUOTING HENRY C. CAREY-ISM.

When the coin is spurious, nail it down. H. C. C. fires too many guns for D. A. W. Welles will answer this conundrum, if he can. The devil of Free Trade must be fought with the god of Protection. The question is, shall Americans always be made to wear English clothes? Are we twenty-one years of age?

Why is it that you have *suppressed* the fact that the customs of the so-called revenue tariff year 1840, had been *less* than those of the closing years of the protective period, 1828–33, by more than 30 per cent., the population having meantime more than 25 per cent *increased*?

Why have you *suppressed* the decline of customs revenue in the free trade years that had followed your *selected* year, 1840?

Why have you *suppressed* the fact that the growth of 1855 resulted wholly from large receipts of California gold?

Why have you totally *suppressed* the calamitous free trade years that followed 1855—saying not a word of that unhappy closing year, 1860, elsewhere so frequently referred to?

Why is it that you have said nothing of that poverty of the Treasury which had made it necessary to borrow more than $70 000,000 in the three years of profound peace which ended June 30, 1860, and therefore preceded all apprehension of civil war?

Why is it that the closing years of *every* anti-protective tariff have exhibited scenes of public and private bankruptcy and ruin?

Why is it that the closing years of all former protectective tariffs have exhibited scenes of prosperity corresponding so precisely with those now furnished by yourself, the result of the protective policy now existing?

Why was it—if, as you assert, "a tariff *is* a tax"—that the protective tariff of 1828 so increased the revenue as to render necessary the absolute enfranchisement of tea, coffee, and many other articles, from payment of any "tax" whatsoever?

Why was it that the anti-protective tariff of 1832 so decreased the revenue as to render necessary the reimposition of all such taxes?

Why is it that among the disagreeable bequests of the anti-protective tariffs of 1846 and 1857 is to be found a necessity for now raising annually hundreds of millions of revenue by means of "taxes" upon so many articles produced at home and needed for the convenience and comfort of life?

Why is it that your report is in all respects so precisely in accordance with the views and wishes of those great British "capitalists" who are accustomed, "in their efforts to gain and keep foreign markets," to distribute money so very freely among those of our people who are supposed to be possessed of power to influence public opinion?

As common sense spiked the Free Trade Secretary Stewart—so common sense will destroy the specie-paying Secretary Boutwell. A man with half an eye ought to see that "Free Trade" and "specie payment" *are links of the same English sausage made out of the same English dog.* Geo. Francis Train.

AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP FORTY YEARS AGO.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN QUOTING HENRY CLAY.

America has had one great statesman, and the first letters of his name were Henry Clay. His American system was grand and comprehensive. He did not believe in selling England whole skins for sixpence and buying back the tails for a shilling. He wanted to clothe England as well as feed her. Ben Butler is the only American in Congress. The balance are English. He believes in American industry and greenbacks—the other members believe in England, Boutwell, and gold for Alabama bondholders. See what Clay said in February, 1832:

Eight years ago, it was my painful duty to present to the other House of Congress an unexaggerated picture of the general distress pervading the whole land. We must all yet remember some of its frightful features. We all know that the people were then oppressed and borne down by an enormous load of debt; that the value of property was at the lowest point of depression; that ruinous sales and sacrifices were everywhere made of real estate; that stop-laws and relief laws, and paper money, were adopted to save the people from impending destruction; that a deficit in public revenue existed, which compelled government to seize upon, and divert from its legitimate object, the appropriations to the sinking fund to redeem the national debt; and that our commerce and navigation were threatened with a complete paralysis. *In short, sir, if I were to select any term of seven years since the adoption of the present constitution which exhibited a scene of the most wide-spread dismay and desolation, it would be exactly that term of seven years which immediately preceded the establishment of the tariff of* 182 4.

I have now to perform the more pleasing task of exhibiting an imperfect sketch of the existing state of the unparalleled prosperity of the country. On a general survey, we behold cultivation extended, the arts flourishing, the face of the country improved, our people fully and profitably employed, and the public countenance exhibiting tranquility, contentment and happiness. And if we descend into particulars, we have the agreeable contemplation of a people out of debt; land rising slowly in value, but in a secure and salutary degree; a ready though not extravagant market for all the surplus productions of our industry; innumerable flocks and herds browsing and gamboling on ten thousand hills and plains covered with rich and verdant grasses; our cities expanded, and whole villages springing up, as it were, by enchantment; our tunnage, foreign and coastwise, swelling, and fully occupied; the rivers of our interior animated by the perpetual thunder and lightning of countless steamboats; the currency sound and abundant; the public debt of two wars nearly redeemed; and, to crown all, the public treasury overflowing, embarrassing Congress not to find subjects of taxation, but to select the objects which shall be liberated from the impost. *If the term of seven years were to be selected, of the greatest prosperity which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of* 1824.

This transformation of the condition of the country from gloom and distress to brightness and prosperity, *has been mainly the work of American legislation fostering American industry, instead of allowing it to be controlled by foreign legislation, cherishing foreign industry.* The foes of the American system, in 1824, with great boldness and confidence, predicted, first, the ruin of the public revenue, and the creation of a necessity to resort to a direct taxation; the gentleman from South Carolina (Gen. Hayne), I believe, thought that the tariff of 1824 would operate a reduction of revenue to the large amount of eight millions of dollars; secondly, the destruction of our navigation; thirdly, the desolation of commercial cities; and fourthly, the augmentation of the price of objects of consumption, and further decline in that of the articles of our export. Every prediction which they made has failed, utterly failed. Instead of the ruin of the public revenue with which they then sought to deter us from the adoption of the American system, we are now threatened with its subversion by the past amount of the public revenue produced by that system. As to the desolation of our cities, let us take as an example the condition of the largest and most commercial of all of them, the great Northern capital. I have, in my hands, the assessed value of the real estate in the city of New York, from 1817 to 1831. This value is canvassed, contested, scrutinized, and adjudged by the proper sworn authorities. It is, therefore, entitled to full credence. During the first term, commencing with 1817 and ending in the year of the passage of the tariff of 1824, the amount of the value of real estate was the first year, $57,790,435, and after various fluctuations in the intermediate period, it settled down at $52,019,730, exhibiting a decrease in seven years of $5,779,705. During the first year of 1825, after the passage of the tariff, it rose, and gradually ascending throughout the whole of the latter period of seven years, it finally, in 1831, reached the astonishing height of $95,716,485! Now, if it be said that this rapid growth of the city of New York was the effect of foreign commerce, then it was not correctly predicted, in 1824, that the tariff would destroy foreign commerce and desolate our commercial cities. If, on the contrary, it be the effect of internal trade, then internal trade cannot be justly chargeable with the evil consequences imputed to it. The truth is, it is the joint effect of both principles, the domestic industry nourishing the foreign trade, and the foreign commerce in turn nourishing the domestic industry. Nowhere more than in New York is the combination of both principles so completely developed.

THE REVOLUTION EDUCATING THE PEOPLE.

How can better work be done than by quoting these statesmen? We must head off the subsidized English Press, and hedge against Simon Stern-ism, Atkinson and Wells. Down with English domination in American Finance. The Peabody Trustees own Grant and his Cabinet. Noticing Hamilton Fish's portraits of his children, the artist remarked, "Sardines." Do you take? "Yes, little English Fishes in Oil." Lord Stanley is more American than the Secretary of State. *We have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.* George Francis Train.

THE MONEY MARKET

was stringent throughout the greater part of the week and at the close of Saturday 7 per cent. coin was the minimum rate, and commissions of 1-32, 1-16, ⅛ and ¼ per cent. were paid. The weekly bank statement is considered unfavorable and shows the expanded condition of the city banks.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	March 20.	March 27.	Differences.	
Loans,	$263,098,302	$263,909,589	Inc.	$811,287
Specie,	15,213,306	12,073,722	Dec.	3,139,584
Circulation,	34,741,310	34,777,814	Inc.	36,504
Deposits,	183,504,999	180,113,910	Dec.	3,391,089
Legal-tenders,	50,774,874	50,555,103	Dec.	219,771

THE GOLD MARKET

was dull and steady.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows :

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, M'h 22,	131⅜	131⅜	131	131⅛
Tuesday, 23,	131	131⅛	131	131⅛
Wednesday, 24,	131⅜	131⅜	131⅛	131⅜
Thursday, 25,	131⅜	131⅛	131	131⅜
(Good Friday),				
Saturday, 27,	131⅜	131⅛	131	131

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

was dull and heavy. Prime bankers 60 days sterling are quoted 108¼, and sight 108¾ ; but other bankers were offered at 107¾ to 108 for 60 days.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

closed dull and unsettled on Saturday in sympathy with the decline and violent fluctuations in New York Central and Pacific Mail, combined with the stringency in the money market, and the uncertainty as to its future course.

The following are the closing quotations :

Cumberland, 34 to 38 ; W., F. & Co. Ex., 30½ to 31 ; American 40¼ to 40¾ ; Adams, 58¾ to 59¼ ; United States, 57¾ to 58 ; Mert's Union, 15½ to 16¼ ; Quicksilver, 19½ to 20 ; Canton, 58½ to 59¾ ; Pacific Mail, 90 to 90⅛ ; W. U. Telegraph, 37¾ to 37⅞ ; N. Y. Central, 160 to 160¼ ; Erie, 34½ to 34¾ ; Hudson River, 138¾ to 139 ; Reading, 91½ to 91¾ ; Toledo, Wabash & W., 66¾ to 67¼ ; Tol., Wabash & W. preferred, 76 to 78 ; Mil. & St. Paul, 71 to 71¼ ; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 79¼ to 79¾ ; Fort Wayne, 122¾ to 122¼ ; Ohio & Miss., 32½ to 32¾ ; Mich. Central, 117¾ to 118½ ; Mich. Southern, 96½ to 96¾ ; Illinois Central, 137 to 141 ; Cleve. & Pitts., 89¼ to 89½ ; Cleve. & Toledo, 106 to 106¼ ; Rock Island, 131¼ to 131⅜ ; North Western, 84 to 84¼ ; North Western pref., 92 to 92¼ : Boston W. P., 16 to 16¼ ; Mariposa, 19 to 19¼ ; Mariposa preferred, 34½ to 34⅞.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

at the close of the week were dull and heavy with a decline in prices as compared with last week.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations :

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 104¼ to 104⅜ ex interest ; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 115 to 115⅛ ; United States sixes, coupon, 115⅛ to 116 ; United States five-twenties, registered, 113 to 113¼ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, 118⅛ to 118⅜ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, 114 to 114⅛ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, 116 to 116⅛ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, new, 1865, 113 to 113⅛ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, 113 to 113¼ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1868, 113 to 113⅛ ; United States ten-torties, registered, 104¾ to 105 ; United States ten-forties, coupon, 105 to 105¼.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were $2,603,929 in gold against $3,101,162 $2,741,276 and $2,161,816 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $7,802,546 in gold against $6,246,407, $7,021,605, and $7,255,441 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $2,440,120 in currency against $2,676,000, $2,865,839, and $2,108,676 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $1,357,164 against $181 332, $304,228, and $507,843 for the preceding weeks.

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THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE Winter Session of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, 126 Second Avenue, will be held on Thursday, April 1st, at 8 p.m., in the Hall of the Union League Club, 26th street, corner of Madison Avenue. Addresses will be delivered by Doctors Emily Blackwell and G. H. Wynkoop of the College faculty, and by George William Curtis, Dr. Willard Parker, Judge Kirkland, and others.

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